

ARNOLD'S

MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS.

VOL. I.]

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

[No. 5.

ON THE PATRONAGE OF ART.

(*Being a Sequel to the Paper "ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ART,"
published in No. IV. page 301.*)

IN the last paper, it was humbly attempted to advocate the general importance of the fine arts, and to show, that they can only flourish where they are the objects of universal regard. A parallel was drawn between the patronage of Greece and Rome, as seeming to afford proof, that where the artist merely administers to the passion of *individuals*—and not to an all pervading taste in the public at large—his genius is, in a measure, prostituted, and its issue unacknowledged by legitimate criticism. It was particularly urged, that, unless there be an immediate and close connection between the practice of the artist and the necessities of society in general, as then constituted, nothing really genuine can be produced: for, allowing the position already laid down, that the success of a professor depends upon public sympathy, we must, at the same time, admit, that nothing can become a subject of universal concern, that is not a matter of general utility. The French professor Quincy says truly, "that the best encouragement of the arts is the increase and multiplication of the useful relations which they bear to society; and, that the moral utility of works of art, or their application to a noble and fixed purpose, is of the utmost importance to the labours of the artist, and the judgment of the amateur." He adds, "when the arts are merely exposed to gratify the eye, mechanism soon takes the place of sentiment, and an inevitable decline follows. A certain and important destination, therefore; a connection with the wants, tastes, and feelings of society, is indispensably necessary for preserving in artists the sentiment and the ardour which stamp intellectual worth on their productions." In

illustration, it has been advanced, that "the arts attained a high degree of excellence in Greece, because they were necessary. They were so interwoven with the original frame of all the institutions of the Greeks, political and religious, that the noblest efforts of sculpture and painting were constantly required in the ordinary affairs of life. Occupied in attracting the worship of the world to personifications of divine attributes, &c. the Grecian artist was never engaged in works of mere amusement. To immortalize greatness and symbolize religion and philosophy were his chief employments. It may not be in our power to infuse into our own institutions the principles which fostered and reared the fine arts among the Greeks; but *other* causes may produce similar results."

Yet, it is not for the artist merely to consult the common wants and feelings of society, as already (either by accident or fashion) established or engendered. There *may* be unauthorised wants and feelings, which should be rather repressed than indulged; and it is for him, while he employs his taste to typify and accommodate, also to prove a moralist in sober efforts to moderate and correct. When the artist and the public are at odds, the former is as likely to be wrong as the latter. No doubt much is due from the public to the artist; but painters must cease to abuse the community, as "Gothic," "insensible," and "unrefined," before they may expect to work *in* that community the change which they desire. This change can be effected only by the steady and continued action of true principles, neither alloyed by abusive bitterness, nor degraded by self prostitution. It is equally bad to vituperate the public for ordering *no* pictures, or to vitiate its taste by providing for it the trash it may desire. The artist must, to the possible extreme, preserve the *independence* of his genius; and so consult his honour, as to "lose none in seeking to augment it." In short, he must learn to regard himself as a poet, (for, in truth, he *is* one;) and should evince as great an aversion to all "eleemosynary claims for art," as a first rate author would exhibit, at the idea of tacking to the title-page of his new book, a list of subscribers' names. A writer in the Westminster Review is justly indignant at the common cant about "patronage," and pertinently asks, "why is patronage expected to produce painters, and never mentioned in conjunction with philosophy, eloquence, and poetry? Why are Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides left to themselves, and Phidias alone dragged forward as a mere dependant on the liberality of Pericles?" Again—the Medicean patronage should be rightly understood. It was precisely that which Pericles had afforded to the Grecian artists, viz. a

patronage which acted in sympathy with the public feeling; for, it was "in the height of their *citizen* power—when they felt *with* the people, *like* the people—as the people—that the Medici commissioned Raphael, and allotted the walls of the Florentine council-chamber to the pencils of Buonarrotti and Da Vinci. By "patronage of art," then, we should understand a something very different from mere government commissions, the isolated bounty of a monarch, or the thoughtless purchase of any kind of pictures to hang up in any sort of place. Not that the slightest reflection is here thrown upon the taste of him, who fills a gallery with a miscellaneous collection of old pictures individually excellent: because, if he could procure a series of modern paintings, equally good, as well as more appropriate, it is most likely he would do so. This, however, he may not have the patience to attempt; and we may fully agree with him, in rather choosing a *museum* of heterogeneous excellence, than the most consistent combination of typical mediocrity. If we had no Shakspeare—no Milton—no Pope, the British lover of poetry might stand excused for possessing only the works of Æschylus, Homer, Horace, and Juvenal. When Painting and Sculpture shall address themselves to the nobler sympathies of the national mind as then constituted—when they shall have learned to make an eloquent appeal in pure English, then will their cause in England thrive. Until then, we must allow the lover of art to gratify his taste by the erection of galleries, which must, (after all), be regarded as so many splendid Scrap-books—evidences to the taste and liberality of their possessors—but not calculated to nationalize art: exciting feelings of pleasure not less innocent than warm in the connoisseur; but imbuing the student with susceptibilities of imitation rather than of emulation; and creating that false ambition, which prompts him to do the same things indifferently, instead of other things as well.

To recur again to the term "patronage," we have said what it is *not*. Let us attempt to describe what should be its proper meaning. If the word can only mean the protection and pecuniary encouragement which the *purse*-holder gives to the *palette*-holder, it should be dismissed in the forcible language of the indignant Barry, who "ridiculed the absurdity of magnifying an accidental connection with such encouragement into something staminal and essential to the growth of art," and who pronounced the term, "most impertinent and ill applied, as is evident in the history of art, where, unhappily, we too often find its vigour and growth stunted and liable to blight, when the great and their patronage come unluckily to interfere and tamper with

it." It becomes a question, therefore, whether we may use this seeming obnoxious word, in such a liberal sense, as to include, not merely *pecuniary* encouragement, but every influence, protective, critical and instructive? as meaning, in short, that comprehensive atmosphere, by the inhalation of which the arts exist. At all events, it is this atmosphere of all inclusive circumstance, that should be equally regarded by patron and painter; and *he* will do most service to art, who calmly analyses that pervading air, which characterises his nation; endeavours to discover the germ of art *by* that air engendered—that indigenous wild flower, which is, no doubt, somewhere to be found; although it may have, hitherto, only opened to its ethereal parent, to be neglected by philosophy, and to bloom in secret sympathy, undeveloped and uncultivated. Invest my flower with the faculties of sight and contemplation, and we may fancy it regarding, with honest jealousy, (itself unregarded), the continued predilection of its country for exotics; while it derives, perhaps, some consolation from observing, that, however hot-houses may assist to counteract the effects of a climate altogether uncongenial, its rivals still sicken under such forced measures, and, in the end, prove little better than artificial flowers.

And, no doubt, it is for this flower, (or for that which would produce it), we should seek. Perhaps it has by accident been already partially cultivated: perhaps the flower is not blown: perhaps the germ is not sown. Our soil and atmosphere are of a peculiar quality, and it is for us to discover "what seeds will grow, and what will not." To leave the vegetable metaphor, and, once more to quote from Barry, "The public must have the feeling and wisdom to discover the peculiar extension and facility, of the application of art to purposes (at once) interesting and valuable."

How to bring this about: how to decide upon the proper means of forming a general directory for the student, connoisseur, and the public in general, is the question. The motives of men must be tenderly dealt with, and we may therefore hesitate to inquire whether the cause of *art*, abstractedly considered, has of late been sincerely advocated. Whatever may be the character of the Royal Academy of London, or of any other academy instituted for the same general purpose, there are instances where admission as a member thereof cannot be otherwise than extremely honourable to the individual admitted. But interest and connection oftentimes do much. "Many inherit greatness: some have greatness thrust upon them," and "others achieve greatness." To avoid the appearance of that favour or flattery which

personal admiration might induce, I employ the words of a highly popular review in stating, that Mr. Charles Eastlake "was borne into the Royal Academy of London on the shoulders of public opinion." To be an R. A. is perhaps the most distinguished title which we have to bestow on a deserver: and the best should be given to Mr. Eastlake, whatever it be. To repeat the question; "*What are the measures now adopted to further the cause of art?*" It will, I presume, be answered, chiefly *those which the establishment of academies may afford*.* Now, it will appear that academies were few in number before the end of the sixteenth century, and that they greatly increased in number after the commencement of the eighteenth. It is, therefore, to be asked, What was the state of art before the establishment of these academies? and, Has the increase of good painters kept pace with the increase of the productive means?

That painting had made *no* progress in Papal Italy before the commencement of the thirteenth century is sufficiently disproved; but, it is generally admitted, that until the time of Cimabue, who was born at Florence in 1240, no decided approach towards excellence had been made since the decline of ancient art. The efforts of Cimabue were, however, only excellent in their comparison with the impotent attempts of his immediate predecessors, and were shortly to be eclipsed by the superior productions of his pupil, Giotto, who, like Norval, "fed his father's flock" until he was accidentally discovered by Cimabue, neglecting the sheep in general to take portraits of lambs in particular. The artist admired the drawing, and soon taught the boy to love the art; till, in the end, young Giotto threw up in scorn "the shepherd's slothful life," and followed his new master into the

* A Dictionary of the Arts, dated 1826, enumerates, as worthy of distinct notice, the following:

Italian Academy of St. Luke	founded	1356
Milanese ditto	before	1516
Roman ditto	before	1600
Parisian ditto	before	1650
Spanish ditto	after	1650
French ditto at Rome		1666
Bolognese ditto		1712
Parma ditto		1716
Padua		1710
Mantua		1769
Turin		1777
London		1768

With (as is well known) several others in England, and many in Northern Europe, founded during the eighteenth century.

Florentine painting room. Productions by Giotto now exist, stamped with the approval of Michael Angelo; and the celebration of the painter's name by Dante was purchased by a portrait of the poet. Cimabue was nobly born; nor ever evinced more strongly the nobility of his mind, than when he patronised and appreciated the superior genius of the peasant painter. Giotto, however, seems to have been less indebted to his master for any positive instruction, than for the mere excitement of a praiseworthy ambition, which he had now the means of successfully indulging; nor can we say that Giotto reaped much benefit from the thousand and one FACILITIES which assist the exertions of modern students. As yet, academies were not. The Elgin Marbles were, then, as firm upon the frieze of the Parthenon as they now are upon the walls of the British Museum. Instead of imitating the Elgin Marbles, he, therefore, emulated the conduct of their authors; and, as he had previously made outlines of living lambs, he now took for his models real men and women. Till his day, the Italians had chiefly imitated the manner of the then modern Greek artists, who had been invited to Florence; and under whose guidance Cimabue is said to have studied. It was for Giotto, impelled chiefly by his own independent genius, to prove the superiority of the natural over the artificial, and to show such an original feeling for design and colour as well entitled him to be called the father of Italian painting. Among the earlier and more celebrated successors of Giotto may be mentioned Andrea Orcagna, in whose time was established the academy of St. Luke. He was inferior in original talent to Giotto, and it appears St. Luke gave little aid towards supplying by artificial means that power which nature had denied. He exhibited the faults rather than the beauties of Giotto, for it is likely that he copied Giotto instead of such models as Giotto copied. His predecessor was an isolated genius; himself, an academician.

We must not, however, yet call in question the effect of academies; since Masaccio and Luca Signorelli (the latter in particular) continued to uphold "the dawning glory of revived art." Perspective was taught by Paolo Uccello and Verocchio. Massolino contributed much feeling for grace. Oil painting was introduced. Lippi afforded a precedent for colossal painting. Ghirlandajo, Francesco Francia, Ramenghi, and Innocenzo Francuzzi, are names also deserving of note. Giotto, the father painter of the school just alluded to, was born 1276. The academy of St. Luke was founded 1350. Leonardo da Vinci (born 1445,) at once eclipsed every thing that the school of Giotto had produced, and was the founder, or chief early supporter,

of the Milanese Academy, established about 1510. "Solely singular" as *Leonardo* was, we see no academic features in his character as an artist; neither can we trace them in Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, whose mighty genius is allowed to have been independent of every thing except life and health. *Rafaëlle* was, perhaps, more the child of education; but we must attribute much of his success to the individual influence of Buonarrotti. To be brief as possible with this part of the subject, it may be at once stated, that when academies were rare (*i. e.* before the Caracci establishment), Italy produced *Leonardo da Vinci*, Michael Angelo, Titian, *Giorgione*, *Correggio*, *Raphael*, *Giulio Romano*, *Andrea del Sarto*, *Sebastian del Piombo*, *Parmegiano*, *Tintoretto*, *Paolo Veronese*, *Caravaggio*, and others less known, though scarcely less deserving of note. Thus the career of art had hitherto been sufficiently splendid, when the Caracci (*Ludovico*, *Agostino*, and *Annibale*), founded at Bologna, that "eclectic school, the aim of which was, by selecting the beauties, correcting the faults, supplying the defects, and avoiding the extremes of the different styles, then practised, to establish a perfect system." The plan was laid down by *Agostino Caracci* in a sonnet, thus rendered in prose:—"Take the design of Rome, Venetian shade, Lombardy's colour, Michael Angelo's terrible manner, *Raphael's* just symmetry, Titian's natural truth, *Correggio's* purity of style, *Tibaldi's* decorum, *Primaticcio's* invention, and a little of *Parmegiano's* grace; or, to save such weary labour, apply your imitation to the works which our dear *Nicolo* has left us." 'Tis a pity that *Agostino Caracci* was not born late enough to assist *Mrs. Glass* in the compilation of her cookery book! One feels inclined, by the way, to make one alteration in the work of that redoubted authoress; and to suggest, that for the manufacture of mock turtle the head of a Caracci might serve as well as that of a calf. Seriously, can any thing evince a more shallow idea of the feelings that should govern a painter, than this patchwork recipe? *Ludovico* threw the prescription aside, and devoted himself to nature. *Annibale* was the most rigid in academic practice; but his great work in the *Farnese Palace*, at Rome, is said to prove his inferiority "in taste, sentiment, and discrimination." From the time of the foundation of the Caracci school, Italian art began to decline. *Guido Reno*, *Domenichino*, and *Guercino*, were the glories of its departing day; and we may regard *Salvator Rosa* as the golden effulgence of its setting sun. *Salvator* died in 1673; and now the rage for academies spread over Northern Italy. Within the century following *Salvator's* death, academies were established at Bologna, Parma, Padua, Mantua,

and Turin. "In 1784," says Lady Morgan, "the Grand Duke of Tuscany united the several scattered schools of painting, and founded the Florentine academy. Large sums were appropriated to support the new institution, by which it was expected to revive the days of Vinci and Raphael. The most eminent professors were appointed. Its galleries were filled with the most precious works of the great masters, and prizes were offered with the intention of stimulating genius and rewarding merit. The number of pupils increased; the schools were filled from all parts of Italy: and yet not even a Vasari was produced. Bad pictures were multiplied *ad libitum*; but there were no purchasers for good ones, and the young aspirants wore green paper laurels in vain. It is the spirit of the age that must direct the course of genius; academies can do little more than stimulate mediocrity and excite pretension." Thus her ladyship seems to bear out the words of the Westminster Reviewer, "If we look abroad to the old masters, we shall find the most eminent flourished before the establishment of academies."

Having said thus much of Italy, it may be briefly added, that there is nothing in the history of French, Dutch, or English art, which affords any evidence to the great benefit of academies. The true followers of Claude, Poussin, and Watteau, are not the more plentiful; Reubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyk still remain without "corrival;" and, though painting in England may not be altogether on the decline, we do not find since George the Third, in 1768, placed Sir Joshua Reynolds in the chair of the Royal Academy, that Hogarth and Wilson have been rivalled in powerful originality. The establishment of Sir Joshua's fame preceded the Somerset House Charter. That several of our earlier artists attained their celebrity without academic assistance, is a fact leaving us to conclude, that our several existing masters would have been as they are, supposing the royal school room had never been established. If academies cannot increase the list of first-rate painters, their inefficiency must be acknowledged. If they increase the number of second-rates, they only do a mischief, for the public taste becomes divided: "true merit remains smothered in the crowd, and the honours due to the most skilful are bestowed on the most intriguing."

So much for academies as they are: let us now ask what they profess to be? A reply may be inferred from a sentence uttered by Sir Joshua Reynolds:—"It is from Raphael's having taken so many models that he became himself a model to all succeeding painters; always *imitating* and always *original*." It would, then, appear (and

it is the oracle of British art who speaks) that, to direct genius into the proper channel and to afford correct models for imitation are the chief objects of academic instruction. It is certain that Raphael *was*, in some small degree, academized. Michael Angelo was *not*: and (what is rather strange) Sir Joshua acknowledged that the latter "never needed such foreign help." But, in fact, Raphael owes the English knight a grudge for this; and we may perhaps agree in thinking, that there was a more genuine ground for sympathy between Sir Joshua and the Caracci than between Raphael and Sir Joshua.

There are two classes of artists deserving our regard: the *one* because great original power distinguishes its every individual member; the other, because its leaders combine with much acquired skill a certain proportion of that original power, and the entire body may possess a considerable aggregate of general excellence. At the head of the first we must place Michael Angelo; as leader of the second we may name Guido Reni. Now, does not the latter include our own justly beloved Sir Joshua? and is not *this alone* the class that is likely to benefit by academies? "Sir Joshua," says the talented Hazlitt, "owed his superiority to incessant practice and habitual attention to nature, to quick organic sensibility, to considerable power of observation, and great taste in availing himself of others' excellencies. *He had hardly been a great painter if other great painters had not lived before him.* He learned to see the finer qualities of nature *through* the works of art; and his account of *genius* proves his own to have been limited." "Genius," said he, "is the child of imitation;" an assertion which Hazlitt deems unworthy of serious refutation, adding, that "imitation facilitates the acquirement of a *certain* degree of excellence, but renders the acquisition of the highest degree of excellence impossible. Art is not science, nor is the progress made in the one ever like the progress made in the other. The one is retrograde for the very same reason that the other is progressive. Science is mechanical and art is not. A reliance on mechanical means robs art of its essence." And, surely, the above is true. How ridiculous it appears when we state as a principle of truth, that we should consult as a *means* the *end* which was obtained *without* such means. The only defence would be our stated desire to attain a *superior* end. A man finds a wild fruit, flower, or vegetable, and by the art of cultivation improves it into a saleable commodity. This is rational enough. If, by superior artificial acquirements, we sought to *improve* upon the Grecian marbles and the Roman cartoons, we might fail with honour; but,

no, we entrust ourselves only with the task of EQUALLING those productions, and the failure, therefore, must needs be disgraceful. What! shall modern art fail, when modern nations vie in the establishment of schools, collections, museums, models, obtaining royal patrons, R. A.'s honorary members, foreign correspondents, and the dispensation of gold medals? It puts one in mind of the Tin Mining Company, who found no difficulty in printing prospectuses, selling shares, providing machinery, and propagating hope, and only failed in the trifling matter of procuring tin.

We have spoken of academies as at present constituted, and as constituted in conformity with Reynold's opinion. Now, if all aspirants to the honours of the palette were like Sir Joshua, we might do very well. But it should be remembered that Sir Joshua heads a class of such indefinite gradation downwards, as renders it impossible to draw a line between the various orders of artist, amateur, connoisseur, pretender, dauber, and dunce. The Angelos, and da Vincis, and Raphaels, may be said to form the compact orb of the comet; Guido and Sir Joshua shall be among the very nearest approximations in its tail. But can we regard EVERY spark of that luminous appendage? Sir Joshua's position therein is burning and brilliant enough; but the train gradually dwindles from intensity into air,—“into thin air,”—and the last sparks, claiming companionship with him, shall lack sufficient fire to illumine a farthing rush-light. What we should ground upon this is the law, that all institutions for the promotion of art should contain some touch-stone of genuine power: otherwise they do a positive mischief; nor can we do better than seriously consider the words of the eccentric but learned Fuseli, who pronounced it incumbent on the academy “to deter rather than to delude, which was only to rob the plough, the loom, and perhaps the desk, of useful hands. Painting, like poetry, would admit of no mediocrity; and the useful labourer, the skilful mechanic, and industrious tradesman, are of more value to the nation and more useful to themselves and the community than artists of mediocrity.”

And who differs with Fuseli on this point? The Fine Arts are not to be chosen (like the trades of some of the professions) as a mere *means of livelihood*. Tom is not, therefore, fit for a painter because at school he liked drawing better than Greek; or because his brothers are already devoted, the one to the counting house, another to the church, another to the law, and a fourth to medicine. A man of judgment ought rather to have even two lawyers in his family than *one* bad painter. But, at all events, if Tom persist in the consump-

tion of canvass, which in its painted state will not sell, he must neither complain of the critic's severity nor of the patron's indifference. He *should* exist it is true, but not, of course, as a painter. The French thief, being called on for a defence of his hitherto secret malpractices, exclaimed, "I must live!" but the judge, who did not precisely see the necessity of that, gently corrected his misconception, and ordered him for execution next morning. And, by the way, there is many an instance on the annually glaring walls even of our Royal Academy, where the author might be suspended in the place of his production, and no great injury to the cause of art either.

To a brief consideration of the best means for bringing about a reform in art, the conclusion of this paper will be devoted. We have dwelt with earnestness on the absolute necessity of considering the general tone of society, with a view to form a series of concentric sympathies, at least, in all respectably educated classes. To this end, it is for the artist of real genius to abstract himself from all corporate councils and hanging committees, and to ascend that "vantage hill of truth," which commands his more immediate world, and shows him at one view all those beauties which in their developement would charm his fellow beings, and which might be used as the vehicles for expounding his own sentiments in the furtherance of moral and national good. He must imbue himself with the same spirit which actuates the poet, when, through the medium of the particular form of writing which may be popular in his day, he reads a sermon or a satire to his fellow men. Homer had other aims beyond the mere entertainment of his contemporaries' leisure hours; and Shakspeare was as efficient (though not so direct a moralist) as any who have blazoned their good intentions on the title pages and prefaces of their books. It is this positive purpose to make use of art, as a means of addressing the understanding by a fascinating charm for the eye, which distinguishes Hogarth as unquestionably the first of British artists, and whose cause is thus advocated by the admirable Charles Lamb: "It is the fashion with those who cry up the great historical school to exclude Hogarth from that school, as an artist of an inferior and vulgar class. Those persons seem to me to confound the painting of subjects in common or vulgar life with the being of a vulgar artist. The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture would alone *unvulgarize* every subject which he might choose." It is when painters (like Hogarth) consult the genius of the manners and fashion of their day, and "show the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure;" and when the *public* generally shall become

imbued with some of that feeling for art which so distinguishes the minds of Lamb and Hazlitt, it is then, and not *till* then, that England may look for a revival of genuine and resplendent art. Among the best PATRONS of art, therefore, are such men as the two critics alluded to; men who put as much *thought* into their comments as Hogarth upon his canvass. An attentive perusal of their remarks by the *public* would do more for art, than all the lectures ever listened to by the pupils of an academy; and here we perhaps come at once to the grand mistake of the present system, viz. that of giving attention to the student only, and none to those upon whose liberality, taste, and judgment the arts must, in a very great degree, depend. What an absurdity it is, for instance, to hear competition recommended, when those who should be the judges of an artist's claim are incapable (or at least are regarded by the competitors *as* incapable) of pronouncing a correct sentence. The artist is supposed to have been led to the adoption of his calling by an instinctive feeling and natural aptitude for the practice of art. The *essentials* which form the actual painter are supposed to be independent of all artificial rule and assistant education; and whatever *extrinsic* means may be afforded towards forming a correct taste and judgment, should be equally open to the individual painter and general public. Indeed, under present circumstances, lecturers should rather look to the patron than the professor. Inform the former, that the more genuine merits of the latter may be appreciated. Rouse and direct the feelings of the connoisseur; but leave the artist more free to the impulses of his own genius: for if the latter can not do *well without* studying the productions of the old masters and the discourses of Sir Joshua he will never do *excellently with* those advantages. Moderate original talent with such aid will rise into decent amateurship, while a true genius in observing the established works of old might be beneficially excited, but will hardly be enriched with new essentials. By instructing the public you advantage the talented painter, inasmuch as you render more uncertain the chances of quackery, and what should be given to one genius will no longer be frittered away among fifty imbeciles. To instruct the painter without attending to the enlightenment of the public is as it were to direct all our efforts to the plant individually without regarding the quality of the soil in which it is to grow. Weed and water the earth around, and the tree will in due time yield a full abundance of fruit.

Not more absurd is it to leave the cause of art to the management of an uninstructed committee of taste, or vestry meeting, than to look

for its support in the isolated patronage of the king, the nobles, or the state. We know that the old masters were patronized by the illustrious of their times, but we should also know that they COMMANDED that notice which the artists of *our* day are obliged to SOLICIT. Charles V. thought it an honour to wait upon Titian, and silenced the envious growls of his nobility by saying "he had many nobles, but only one Titian;" and Raphael having repaid the over-remuneration of Francis, by presenting him with a Holy Family, the latter proudly received the gift, saying "persons famous in the arts partake of immortality with princes, and are therefore on a footing with them." At the same time, titled patronage (even in those days) could do more harm than good. It allowed Michael Angelo to go comparatively unrewarded for erecting the architectural wonder of the age, and loaded Bernini with honour and emolument for despoiling the Pantheon and disfiguring St. Peter's. And what has it done for England? Who can say it led into notice Wilkie, Etty, and Turner, any more than Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Wilson? It has *not* made greatness more plentiful. What, then, has it done? It chartered a body of academicians, and neglected Reynolds; it built the Pavilion and Buckingham Palace; it distributed an ermined and flattered portrait like a two-penny tract over Europe; and converted a second Hogarth, a superior Teniers, into a face-manufacturer; yes, as the topping point of absurdity, it made Wilkie a portrait painter. But, supposing the *painter* might be enabled to say a few words in support of royal patronage, the architect could not employ too many in deprecating its most unhappy influence. What has *not* been spent on royal residences, which it is difficult to see, and which, when seen, it is impossible to approve? Whenever any truly splendid design has been exhibited on the walls of the exhibition room, it has been regarded as chimerical and beyond pecuniary reach; and yet we may fearlessly assert, that the money which has been frittered away "bit by bit" on a series of architectural abortions, would have realized the most "gorgeous palace" imagined by Soane; aye, would have given a palpable existence to the very dreams of Martin. The King of England would have revelled in a court as sumptuous as that of Belshazzar; and instead of a servile imitation of bad Roman, and an incongruous application of Grecian art, we might have had a building worthy of our king's altitude; testifying the designer's skill; and having a beneficial influence on the taste of the common spectator. At *least*, we might have had a building equal to its cost, although it cost too much. As a *worthy*

design would have had a wholesome influence, so the "things" in question have done an essential mischief. Why should an English monarch have emulated Buonaparte's folly in placing the arch of Constantine before his palace? It may not be said that the air of a palace blasts the feeling for art. Kings have been, and still *may* be, glorious examples not less of taste and judgment than of enthusiasm and liberality; but the government of art is not to be trusted to an accidental ruler. With every feeling of loyalty towards the hereditary monarch of England, (God save King William!) with every determination to support the system of successive birth-right as to our political ruler, we may yet exclaim most *radically* against any arch patron of art who shuts his gallery doors against the outcries of popular taste; and, receiving from his people unlimited means, affords them in return nothing but gimcrack examples.

An Appendix to the Fourth Volume of the "Library of the Fine Arts" has just been published, and should be read by all who have the reputation, dignity, and character of their nation at heart. The writer (who is now exhibiting the same zeal as a politician which had before distinguished him as an amateur in art,) has declared his sentiments upon most of the points brought forward in this essay, and has said a few words in praise of the Royal Academy which may certainly be admitted as just; for no one will deny that it may give many facilities towards the perfection of "mere manual performance." He urges the necessity of giving "a more liberal education" to students in art; and suggests—what is of equal if not more importance—a means for "extending a taste for art among the higher and wealthier classes," viz. the establishment of professorships in the universities. He also warmly eulogizes the admirable letter of Mr. Wilkins to Lord Goderich, as tending "to show that what is most wanted, and what has never yet been bestowed,—at least in England,—was *judicious* patronage."

To this we come at last,—JUDICIOUS PATRONAGE; meaning that spirit of liberality on the part of the public, which, originating in a due sense of the *importance* of art, and of the honourable character of the *real* artist, shrinks from the impertinent advances of empiricism, and manifests itself not less by the appreciation of professional truth than by the supplying of pecuniary remuneration.

G. W.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS.

SIR,—I do not know whether by the laws which define the limits of a magazine controversy, I am or am not entitled to reply to the comments of Philo Artes. This uncertainty will at least have one good effect—that of confining my observations within a comparatively small compass. I should not indeed think of trespassing upon you at all, but should prefer leaving my case as it stands, if Philo Artes had not interpreted some of my expressions in a sense very different from that which they were intended to convey.

When I admitted that I was accustomed, on visiting the exhibition, to commence my inspection by resorting to the pictures of my “favourite” artists, I certainly never intended to write myself down the “prejudiced” person whose portrait Philo Artes has sketched. I conceive it to be very possible to have a “favourite,” and yet to be free from either partiality or prejudice, taking those words in the sense in which Philo Artes uses them. The favourites to which I allude, are so *because* they come up to my notion of what is good painting generally. My favouritism appertains to the pictures, and to the artist as a consequence, and not to the artist and therefore to his pictures. I do not, as Philo Artes seems to suppose, confine my admiration to pictures painted by particular artists, nor am I so infatuated with any particular name, as to conceive every thing to be perfect to which it may chance to be attached. Philo Artes will pardon me for saying that such miserable ignorance and folly are far more likely to result from the system of “patronage,” of which he is the advocate, than from the free-trading principles for which I contend. I do not, as Philo Artes seems to suppose, suffer the name to reflect lustre upon the production; but I do think that the production ought to be allowed to reflect its lustre upon its own paternity, for the reasons I have already assigned, viz., that honour may be given where it is due, and that the ignorant may know where they may seek instruction and obtain it. So far from being unable at once to admire Rembrandt, and Caravaggio, and Titian, and Corregio, I cannot understand how any real lover of art can help such a simultaneous admiration. I admire all these and many others to boot, and if I were required to name any single object of my preference, I should make my decision rather, probably, with reference to particular pictures than to a supposed general superiority. So instead of being

infected with an exclusive attachment to a single modern artist, or even to a single modern school, I feel satisfied that if I had been offered the liberty of selecting a picture for my own possession from the last R. A. exhibition, I should have found no little difficulty in the choice; and when at last my election had been made I should have quitted the place with my prize hesitatingly and doubtingly—

“ And oft looked back, slow moving o’er the *Strand*.”*

I do not agree with Philo Artes, that all must know “ what is true to nature, and that a very little education and careful examination will make a man competent to perceive what is not only a faithful representation of her, but what is founded upon true principles of pure taste and refined feelings.” Why, in this single sentence is comprised the whole theory of art. If this precious knowledge were of such easy attainment, Philo Artes and his friend would have little reason to complain of want of patronage. That it is not, however, he may find abundant evidence in any of the fancy shops which abound in the metropolis, and (alas! that it should be so) in a very large proportion of its schools—in those for young ladies especially. Let Philo Artes but think of the “ Oriental Tintings,” the absurd “ Mezzotinto Drawing,” the “ Poonah,” which a friend of mine aptly pronounces “ *Spooney* Painting,” and the fancy heads in water colours, in which correct drawing is regarded as unnecessary, and in which the sole aim of the manufacturer is to represent a complexion like a china tea-cup, lips of literal carmine and eyes of pure cobalt. No doubt many of our established artists exceed the natural and chaste; but this only goes still further to prove my position, that the knowledge of what is true to nature is of very difficult attainment, since even men who have studied it as an essential part of their profession are not perfect masters of all its branches. But the errors of genius are a very different affair from the errors of sheer ignorance. The “ light that leads astray” is after all “ a light from heaven.” It is true that the novice will be very apt to admire these errors, recommended as they are by the authority of a great name. Still this is only to confess that there is no unqualified good to be found in this world; that we can find perfection no where, and that our object should therefore be to adopt that system which, upon the whole, seems likely to afford the most advantages with the fewest evils. Nobody will deny that the tyro has a chance at

* Pope’s *Homer’s Iliad*.

least of finding the most unmixed merits in the works of established artists.

I must still adhere to my opinion, that the public is after all the only real patron of art. The supposed instances to the contrary, which Philo-Artes has adduced, only seem to me to show that people are apt to prefer their own indulgence to the correction of abuses. The fact that many works of acknowledged excellence remain unsold, while others of a different character obtain purchasers, proves only that the number of wealthy pretenders to a knowledge of "what is true to nature" (Philo-Artes will pardon the "iteration") is greater than the number of true lovers of art who have also the pecuniary means of rewarding it. In other words, it proves what I have never denied, that the public taste is still in a state of pupillage. The whole difference between Philo-Artes and myself seems to be—that while *he* would entrust the interests of art to a few individual patrons, *I* would have them understood and fostered by the million.

When I spoke of the patient enjoyment of the true worshipper of art at his easel, I had no such petty ambition in my mind as the concoction of a figure of speech. I spoke of that only with which I was personally acquainted. *I have been behind the scenes*; and let me assure Philo-Artes not for an hour or so merely. I know too well that "all men of talent are not rolling in luxury." I know on the contrary that very few of them are. But knowing this, I repeat what I have already said—that "there is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know;" and that the true worshipper of art would not barter his divine gift—all his privations and difficulties notwithstanding—for the proudest and wealthiest station the world could bestow.

My letter has extended considerably beyond the limits within which I had intended to confine it. I have only to thank Philo-Artes for the very courteous manner in which he has answered my strictures on his communication, and to assure him that the desire to promote the interests of art, which I am satisfied induced him to publish the scheme of his friend Maguill, alone induced me to oppose it. We are both labouring for the same good end, although we happen to pursue it through very opposite means.

Non ha l'invidia nel mio petto albergo;
Solo zelo lo stil m'adatta in mano;
E per util comuné i fogli vergo,—*Sar. Salvator Rosa,*

I am, Sir,

Your sincere well wisher,

VANDYKE BROWN.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.—No. II.

THE diffusion of the Grecian language among the nations of modern Europe, a little more than three centuries and a half ago, gave to literature an invaluable accession of light and beauty. Had not the perverted minds of the schoolmen, in their interpretation of the duties imposed by Christianity, engendered a counteracting spirit,—calculated to destroy original thinking, and to limit admiration,—it is probable that dramatic poetry would have advanced to a high degree of perfection among us at a very early period of our history. The blind zealot of an established faith, and the severe puritan desirous of effecting reformation, have however been equally obnoxious to the progress of knowledge and the cultivation of art. Among modern nations it has been peculiarly unfortunate, that the purest doctrines of religion, and the soundest principles of faith, have been rendered subservient to the folly and wickedness of professors; whose object has been to awe mankind into passive obedience, more than to convey instruction. In this way ordinances and ceremonies have been falsely placed before the essential qualities of worship, and the simple dictates of truth rendered obscure by vile mysteries and abominable institutions. The beauty and simplicity of truth, which in virgin purity first shed the light of their benign influence on the mind, were soon displaced by the heated zeal of enthusiasm, or the cold distortions of a calculating cupidity. So base was the use which the clergy made of learning, that their object, in olden times, seems to have been to keep mankind in perpetual ignorance, the better to effectuate their own influence, and to inculcate a reckless superstition—dazzling in the dark, and glorying in its own corruption. Those professors who really were sincere, became the dupes of their more wary brethren, who made them instruments of their will by the exercise of casuistical contagion. It is not difficult to impose on our own understandings; and if we be excited by the arguments, we are easily lulled by the persuasions of others, in matters which concern our own apparent interest. The selfish views of mankind will not suffer a sufficient exercise of the mental powers, to think that a benevolent feeling towards others has a tendency to promote, in the possessor, an individual happiness; and that, as society becomes generally benefitted, a mutuality of advantage is always obtained.

It suited the inclinations of the persons, who in early times were

the sole possessors of learning, to cast a mysterious veil over every thing. The Fine Arts were not encouraged, because they would have a tendency to enlighten mankind; and the drama would never have been the delight of modern times had not a spirit of chivalry burst forth to irradiate the darkness of the middle ages.

We are sorry to apply some portion of those early prejudices to modern times. The antipathy, or indifference, which some people entertain, or affect towards the drama, though it may proceed from a more pure source, is equally injurious to the interests of a branch of literature—the most delightful and instructive that can emanate from the mind of man. We have, alas! too frequently heard, from the lips of men of the highest classical attainments, a depreciation of dramatic literature, worthy only of an age of darkness. Protection to it has recently been refused by our legislature, and a learned prelate has expressed himself as being opposed to the measure from religious motives. If it were not that the discussion would, in some measure, detract from the plan of the present article, we should bestow a few paragraphs to expose the inconsistency of his arguments, and the absurdity of his logic. We shall probably dissect them on a future occasion, more for the amusement, than the instruction of our readers. We cannot, however, refrain at present from alluding to the inconsistency of a man of his talents, in attempting to depreciate the value and importance of dramatic literature, when he has risen to his present elevated station, after having bestowed a great portion of his time to the translation of Greek plays.

Poetry is not a commodity which can be monopolized. It belongs to no particular soil or clime: it is not to be fettered by habits of education, nor controlled by the despotism of taste; and thus it is that we find the gallant knight delighting the ears of his fair lady with legends of love, before a correct taste for classical literature had been imbibed in modern Europe. Poetry exists in nature: it is the fruit of genius unconscious of its excellence—the loftiest conception of a pure and natural taste: it has no imitative standard, and it relies on the efforts of a mind attuned to the tender influences of affection, or of melancholy lamentation, or of heroic and generous sentiments. The mechanical structure of poetry may be improved by artificial acquirements; but art cannot exist without nature, and, as Schlegel beautifully observes, “Man can give nothing to his fellow man, but himself.” He who should attempt, by a polished diction, to give measures of words without delightful thoughts, would render himself censurable, according to the opinion of Lucian, in the use of the *ane-*

monæ verborum, or flowers without fragrance, which only please the eye, but afford no delight to the heart.

Dramatic poetry is, in its nature, more complicated than any other efforts of the muse. The unity of design must always be evident in the mind of the dramatist, and what is termed the action of a piece must be constant and unvarying, though the catastrophe, or mode of conclusion, must be so judiciously managed, as not to be anticipated by the spectator. In this respect it is not, however, essentially different from other poetry, for the workings of the muse must always surprise us with new beauties, to command our fixed attention. Dramatic poetry is only more difficult than epic poetry by the management required in its details; so that the incidents may not be too crowded, or too slow—too prominent, or too impressive—to detract from the unity of the whole performance. Epic poetry is more difficult than dramatic, in the choice of a subject, and the vigour and graces of the language which are indispensable to delight the reader. The dramatic supposes an action present to the mind, the epic is a mere relation of past adventures.

The dramatic poet must adapt his pieces to the capabilities, and in some respects to the inclinations of his audience: but while he stoops to their capacities he is really elevating them to himself. The narrow circle of their comprehension does not admit of mystery in his representations; but the imperceptible progress of his art commands their passions, after the attention has once been conceded. The interest which an audience are disposed to take in a dramatic spectacle is proportioned to the management of the details, more than to the choice of a subject; and it is for this reason that incident and situation are so much regarded by dramatists.

Dramatic poetry at the present time is divided into the *Classical* and the *Romantic*. Of the classical the Italians and the French are the principal followers, and the English and the Spanish embrace the romantic. As we shall, in the progress of these essays, treat of the dramatic literature of the latter nations in their turn, when we speak of Shakspeare and Lope de Vega, we shall for the present retrace our views to the classical drama and a consideration of the dramatic literature of Greece.

We are informed that the drama, or the acting of plays occurred in Greece about 530 years before Christ, during the time of the famous lawgiver Solon. The simplicity of its origin would appear fabulous, did we not know that many of the institutions of mankind, and, indeed, the progress of civilization itself, have been derived from circum-

stances equally remote from the view which is ordinarily taken of them in the present state of society. It is said, that one Icarius, who had acquired from Bacchus the art of cultivating the vine, having seen a goat destroying the fruit of his labour, sacrificed it to Bacchus. From this event a festival was instituted, and the peasants were in the habit of dancing round the slaughtered victim and singing praises in honour of their favourite divinity. The songs or hymns used for such occasions were, for the most part, composed in an inflated style, and displayed the feelings of the times in figurative language. In process of time these festivals increased in importance, and poets were employed to compose verses for the occasion. The peasants were dressed in fantastic costumes, and their faces were stained with the lees of wine, to render them as grotesque as possible. The performance was called *τρυγῳδία*, from the word *τρυξ*, signifying new wine, and *ᾠδή*, a song. Thespis, a famous poet, contemporary with Solon, improved upon these mysteries, by introducing a person to recite some remarkable adventure; and thus dramatic poetry was introduced into Greece, and the stage soon became a favourite source of general amusement, not confined to any particular or stated occasions. Both tragedy and comedy owe their origin to the simple event; and the goat being considered as the enemy of the vine, the name of *τρυγῳδία*, the song of the goat, soon became the term by which the entertainment was distinguished as respected tragedy. In this rude state the drama continued until the time of Æschylus. This sublime poet was born at Athens about the year 525 before Christ, and at the age of thirty-five fought at the celebrated battle of Marathon. He also distinguished himself greatly at the victories of Salamis and Platæa. He introduced two persons in character, substituted a proper stage for the car of Thespis, and added scenery and decorations. But his great merit consists in his poetry, which, though occasionally harsh and severe, displays a sublimity and grandeur of effect beyond any other poet who preceded or followed him.

The example of Æschylus influenced his pupil Sophocles. He was born at Calone, near Athens, 497 years before Christ, and headed a chorus of youths in celebration of the victory of Salamis. He afterwards embraced the profession of arms, and distinguished himself, by his courage and conduct, to such a degree, as to cause his appointment to high military dignities under Pericles; and his fellow-citizens, as a reward for his services, appointed him to the office of Archon or chief magistrate of Athens. At the age of twenty-nine years he obtained the prize over his master Æschylus, and rivalled him in the pathos of

his poetry and the conduct of his plots, though he was not equal to Æschylus in sublimity and terror.

Euripides next succeeded. He was born at Salamis, near the mouth of the river Euripus, on the day of the rejoicings for the defeat of Xerxes. He was a pupil of Anexagoras in philosophy, studied rhetoric under Prodicus the Chian, and was acquainted with Socrates, from whom he acquired many of his doctrines. At the age of eighteen he commenced writing for the *Stage*, and succeeded so well as to rival Sophocles, according to the opinion of the best judges. He was persecuted towards the latter part of his life, and retired to the court of Archelaus, King of Macedon, who held him in great esteem. His fate was calamitous in the extreme, as he was torn in pieces by the king's dogs.

The Athenians, according to their usual custom (as is shrewdly observed by Archbishop Potter) of persecuting every man of talents among them during his lifetime, and honouring and lamenting him after his death, sent for his body, to entomb it with every respect in the poet's native country. The request was refused by Archelaus, who erected a magnificent tomb for the remains of the poet near his capital, on the banks of a pleasant stream. The Athenians, as they could not obtain his remains, raised a cenotaph to his memory. The style of Euripides is considered inferior to that of either of his predecessors; it possesses neither the sublimity and energy of Æschylus, nor the gravity and stateliness of Sophocles. It is, however, elegant, simple, and not much elevated above the language of genteel conversation. It is observed by a learned author, in reference to the three poets, that Æschylus represented men greater than they can be, Sophocles as they ought to be, and Euripides such as they are; with which opinion we coincide.

The education of the Greeks was according to the laws of nature, and favoured by a happy combination of circumstances. Their religion was the deification of earthly life. Their poetry was the poetry of enjoyment. A natural harmony is exhibited in every part of their works, in unison with their national character. For this reason it is that a study of the antique, as collected in the History of Art by Winkelmann, is recommended as one of the best means of forming a correct taste for Grecian literature. To judge of the Greeks by the standard of modern excellence would be altogether absurd; so great is the dissimilarity between ancient and modern times. To understand them we must be prepared to sacrifice all prejudices, and to use the torch of criticism to enlighten our path, without indulging our

own preconceptions. In this spirit we proceed to an investigation of the merits of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*.

The plots of *Æschylus's* tragedies are very simple, and all betray the infancy of his art; seven only of his pieces have descended to our times out of a considerable number. The style of *Æschylus* is hard, and occasionally severe. His austerity displays a primitive character, whilst the style of *Sophocles* is admired for its pathos and harmonious sweetness. A German critic states, that in the analogy which the undisturbed development of the Fine Arts among the Greeks every where offers to us, we may compare the epochs of tragic art to those of sculpture. *Æschylus* is the *Phidias* of the tragic art, *Sophocles* the *Polycletus*, and *Euripides* the *Lysippus*. *Phidias* formed sublime images of the gods, but he was still attached to the extrinsic magnificence of materials, and he surrounded their majestic repose with images of the most violent struggles. *Polycletus* carried the art to perfection, and hence one of his statues was called the rule of beauty. *Lysippus* distinguished himself by the fire of his works; but in his time sculpture had deviated from its original destination, and was much more desirous of expressing the charm of motion and life, than of adhering to ideality of form.

In this way *Æschylus* is considered as the creator of tragedy, which sprung from him completely armed, like *Pallas*, from the head of *Jupiter*. He gave dignity and propriety to a vague mystery, and development of sublime thoughts by eloquence of expression. He limited the lyrical portion of his tragedy, and drew his characters in bold and powerful features. He does not appear to have been possessed with a knowledge of the art of enriching his pieces with a pleasing variety; terror, and the gloomy majesty of primitive nature in unreal situations appear to be his aim. His images are vast and magnificent, and when he condescends to regard human nature, he does it in a way that displays its destiny in an awful and inevitable result, rather than the conflict of passion, and the pathetic influence of circumstances.

Some of *Æschylus's* pieces present a complete trilogy, a term given to three distinct pieces represented in one day. The trilogy completed the series and connected the events together, as though the fables were entire. The laws of dramatic poetry did not admit of a junction of three plots in one piece, and thus a tragedy could, not like an epic poem, be continued at pleasure. The pieces alluded to are *Agamemnon*, the *Choephora* or *Electra*, and the *Eumenides*. The first piece paints the murder of *Agamemnon*, on his arrival from the siege of *Troy*, by his faithless bride, *Clytemnestra*. The second represents

a deed no less revolting, viz. the murder of Clytemnestra, by Orestes, her son, in revenge of his father's death. The Eumenides represents a contention among the gods, some of whom approve, while others condemn the conduct of Orestes, until a reconciliation is happily effected by Pallas, whose wisdom calms the Furies, and finally reconciles their hostility. The connection between these pieces is so evident; that they may be compared to one entire drama, and for that reason afford a full justification for the deviation from the unities of time and place by modern dramatists. We shall have occasion, in a future article, to combat the doctrine of unities, and consequently we abstain, in the present instance, from further notice of them.

The manner in which Æschylus has brought about the catastrophe in these pieces, displays the powers of the poet in their awful splendour. He paints the fall of a conqueror and a king, who, returning from the field of his glory, is strangled in his own palace by his faithless wife. Clytemnestra had taken measures to prevent surprise by the arrival of her husband, who had intended to take signal vengeance for her illicit intercourse with Ægisthus in his absence. The piece opens with the announcement of the watchman who had glimpsed the signal fires, the materials for which had been placed between Troy and Mycenæ, by order of Clytemnestra, to be lighted at intervals as announcements of her husband's advance and arrival. The watchman hastens to his mistress, to announce the event; the *Chorus* appears, and recounts the prophecies in relation to the Trojan war, and the sacrifice of Iphigenia, before which the Grecian fleet were unable to proceed on their voyage. The herald, Talthybias, next appears, and then Agamemnon arrives, who is received by his wife with every apparent mark of affection. Clytemnestra then seeks to allure Cassandra, the captive of her husband, and who had foretold the fate which awaited him, but was disbelieved. Cassandra rushes to her fate, and the dying groans of Agamemnon strike the ears of the audience. It is not necessary, and might be tedious for us to analyze the plots of the *Choephoræ* and *Eumenides*, we having already sufficiently alluded to them, and our object being in this place merely to show the simplicity of the materials out of which Æschylus contrived to form his dramatic pieces. It is evident that the aim of his pieces is subservient to his poetical conceptions, his desire is to elevate the subjects of which he treats beyond the power of human control, and to show that an inevitable destiny awaits the unhappy victims of his muse.

The style of Æschylus exhibits that, in nature, as well as in art, gigantic productions precede those which evince regularity and pro-

portion. Thus it is that in a comparison of the ancients and moderns, and even between countries, we find that the former possessed more energy of thought, and sublimity of expression, though the latter, in some instances, have more accuracy of sentiment, and render a closer application of their ideas to the common affairs of life. Even in the comparison of countries partially civilized, and those wherein society has become more refined in modern times, we find that man loses a great portion of his natural dignity, and the figurative power of his language, as he approximates to a more cultivated state. But the ancient Greeks blended a pristine strength of character with a highly cultivated taste; they were unlike any instance which we now see; and the standard of modern excellence affords no just criterion to judge of them. Much must be left to the imagination in attempting to estimate such a people. Their progress in the arts, and in philosophy and poetry, excites wonder and admiration. Who can think of a Phidias, a Socrates, and a Homer, without blushing at the slow advances of the moderns, with all their advantages of a more sublime conception of the deity, and the inculcations of a more rational system of religious worship. It must be presumed too, that ancient historians have not furnished us with a sufficient detail of the progress of civilization among them. We read of wars and feats of valour, but too little attention is bestowed on the arts of peace and the benign influence of social intercourse. History teems with a perversion of some facts, and a suppression of others; and inferences are drawn for us, unsuited to the amiable qualities of the mind. What history has left unfinished, the works of philosophy and poetry, and the statues and architecture which have survived the wreck of time have, however, partially supplied. But even with these we have but a glimpse into antiquity, and perceive barely sufficient to convince us that we can compare the ancients only with themselves at different periods. In this way, *Æschylus* with *Sophocles*, and *Sophocles* with *Euripides*, admit of comparison. We ascertain that the first excelled in sublimity and boldness combined with inaccuracy, that the second possessed more grace and beauty, with a sufficient portion of elevated sentiment, and that the last degenerated from his predecessors in the splendour and dignity of his conceptions and expressions, but excelled them in pathos. The first excites awe, the second admiration, and the third pity. *Sophocles* advanced the tragic art to its meridian greatness, and *Euripides* effected its decline.

It is said of *Æschylus*, in reference to his boldness and the desire which he cherished to maintain his elevation above mortals, that,

on being requested to write a new poem, he answered, "The old one of Tynachus is the best, and the same thing would happen here that was observable in a comparison between the ancient and modern statues; for the former, with all their simplicity, were considered as divine, and the modern, with all the care bestowed on their execution, were indeed admired, but bore much of the impression of a divinity." The same characteristic boldness pervaded his mind in reference to religious matters, and he only escaped popular fury through the intercession of his brother Aminias, who stood forth in his defence, and exhibited the remains of an arm which he had lost in the battle of Salamis. The charge against him was, that in one of his plays he had disclosed the Eleusinian Mysteries. This event, combined with his chagrin at the rivalry of Sophocles, is said to have induced him to withdraw himself from Athens. He retired to Sicily, and obtained the patronage of Hiero, the monarch of the country, and died there a short time afterwards, in about the seventieth year of his age.

His seven tragedies which have been spared to us are, Prometheus Vincetus, the Seven against Thebes, the Coephori, the Agamemnon, the Persians, the Supplices, and the Eumenides.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTS AND DEALERS.

WE regret that our feelings on this subject, expressed in a previous number, have been somewhat wrongly construed. To dignify art and ennoble its professors is our desire; and if, in our mode of expression, we have rather "overstepped" the courtesies of polite bearing, we have been excited to it from an anxiety to rouse the great mass of painters to a sense of their own importance and worth, and not from any desire to lower them in the estimation of mankind. But though our language should, in the opinion of some persons, be more softened, the sense of our paragraphs must still remain materially the same, and ought not to be open to captious objections from the true patrons and lovers of art. It can be pretty confidently asserted that this publication, ever since its establishment, has owed very little of its support to the great body of artists; that to this day many are not even acquainted with the true principles of the work, and its object to support

native talent. We will not, however, pursue this part of the subject any further; as we trust that our endeavours to expose the base machinations of dealers, and point them out as shallows and miseries to be avoided by the inexperienced painter, will yet gain the approbation of those whose opinions are estimable.

Besides the methods hitherto mentioned, by which artists are *ensnared* by dealers, in a pecuniary sense; there is yet another system which materially affects their progress and improvement, and that subsequently mar their reputation. This remark is particularly applicable to young painters in oil colours. At all the private views of our exhibitions, dealers and publishers, being now ranked as gentlemen and esquires!! they form a large monopoly of the "select." In spite of the presence of their superiors, (the numerous noblemen and gentlemen, who are well known collectors), they immediately purchase any work of merit, and even while in the gallery resell it at an advanced price. By this means the artist seldom comes in contact with a nobleman or gentleman: but always finds that dealers are more easily to be met with, combined with the alluring influence of an apparently hearty invitation to a good dinner. In this way the inexperienced artist makes no hesitation to allow the dealer to possess himself of every thing from his easel. In the mean time the dealer is not idle. He, like the great booksellers, possesses a medium through which he can be secretly and securely benefitted. Either he is a shareholder in a newspaper, or periodical, or is intimately acquainted with the "gentleman" to whom our erudite editors generally delegate the province of reviewing the Fine Arts. Through this channel his *protégé* is vehemently extolled, more particularly if the artist is but a recent exhibitor. By such means collectors are attracted to his works, and finding that the best of them are purchased by Mr. A. or Mr. B. &c. &c. and as in these matters there is as great a pride among men to possess a good picture, the collectors go to the dealer, and purchase it at an advanced price. These remarks, at present must, of course, only apply to those young painters who are really clever. The evil is *in futuro*. No man, or set of men, can be insensible to praise; and he who would still be unbiassed and free-minded, amidst the most overwhelming applause, must be gifted with more than ordinary self-possession and firmness. Unfortunately such a character is but seldom to be met with. The young artist then, finding himself thus as it were proudly proclaimed as a prodigy, soon begins to plume himself on his moral and intellectual worth. He will look with a supercilious air upon his brethren in art, be continually boasting in their presence

of the pictures which he has sold, and how the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Literary Gazette*, spoke of him : and of the wonderful things he intends to do. He will further consider that,—according to the estimation in which he is held by the press, and the dealers,—he is firmly established as a genius in art, and stands above public opinion. He then proudly contemplates a most brilliant career, until he thinks of advancing his prices,—when he brings on an altercation with the dealer, whose favour he loses, when he can no longer be made a flattered minion or pecuniary dupe.

After such an event, the miserable infatuated painter learns his fate : for, during his dependence on the dealer, profusion of money had made him careless and imprudent ; and the mixing suddenly in expensive society has enervated his mind, and unfitted it for laborious and ardent application. Alas ! when too late, he finds his fancied elevation has only been a mere phantasy, and that he has yet to undergo the slow and lingering career of a child of fortune, with diminished powers for emulation.

These remarks are made with the tenderest regard for artists. They are dictated with a sincere desire to warn them of the inevitable fate attendant on a false connection with dealers. There are two or three young artists of great ability, who, even within a very short time, have, we regret to say it, calmly resigned themselves to this class. We will not hurt their feelings by mentioning names, but trust a few warning words will awaken them to a sense of their danger before it be too late. Let the fate of George Vincent, the landscape painter, be an example. The greater part of his embarrassments was occasioned by entanglement with dealers. Genius without such a connection has sustained itself against the severe but impartial scrutiny of public opinion, and ultimately triumphed over prejudice—with it—it has only obtained a temporary support, and a specious but hollow, degrading, and capricious patronage.

Painters should bear in mind, that the first masters in our own school owe no part of their fame to the support of dealers. Neither did they court ignorant and equivocal praise. Their greatness has been established by the collective sense of an experienced public, and posterity has crowned them with immortal honour. A painter to be great must always reflect on what will be the opinion of posterity ; he should think less of present applause than of future admiration. Without this stimulus he will be a mere trader in his profession.

The influence of dealers has, at times, been most unwarrantably directed to the exhibition of the old Society of Painters in Water Co-

lours. It is not an uncommon circumstance, that the greater number of the works marked as sold in these exhibitions are already the property of dealers, even before they have left the portfolio. So that in fact, when the exhibition is opened to the public, the majority of the best drawings belong to a class of persons who having taken advantage of the necessities of artists, are seeking to make a profit of their merit. To such persons collectors are referred, when desirous of purchasing; thus the exhibition, although nominally the property of the members, is frequently a mere collection for the advantage of dealers, and the public are invited to support an institution, which virtually advances the interest only of the most sordid and rapacious usurers in the country. There are indeed some exceptions among the clever members of this society, who will not submit to the degrading and arbitrary influence of dealers; but even these artists have, for the most part, at one time or other in their earlier career, experienced the inconveniences of the bad system we have described.

In undertaking the exposure of the "knavish tricks" of dealers, we were prompted to the task with a view of awakening amongst painters a sense of independence, and a knowledge of their real importance and rank in society: to instil into their minds a spirit of courage and perseverance, to undergo every shade of penury, to which all men, but more particularly artists, at one time or other of their lives, are exposed, rather than to throw themselves under the insidious protection of dealers. We have had a still higher motive. We have written with the earnest hope, that it might also rouse the feelings of noblemen and gentlemen to a real knowledge of the character of dealers, and the miseries and privations of the sons of genius. We would earnestly point out to them the advantage of purchasing from the artist himself, rather than allowing themselves to be influenced by the whisperings of the base traders in art. By so doing they would not only be rendering a material benefit to the artist, but the general character of painters, and the interests of art itself, would be most successfully promoted. It would not only be the means of making the collector more intimately acquainted with the character of an artist; but the latter, through the influence of an association with his superiors in fortune, would acquire a greater polish of manner, and refinement of taste in his works, which could not fail in their gradual developement materially to influence the general character of art. Surely collectors must feel, that if the works of an artist are worthy of being installed in their collection, the painter is no less worthy of being seen and visited; and that though it might be too much to expect that artists should become the familiars of noblemen in every

respect, yet an occasional association with the sons of genius cannot derogate from rank. The retiring character of merit forbids the supposition that artists would presume upon the evidence of a kind appreciation: but mutual delight and satisfaction would be felt between those who are intended to benefit each other, by the reciprocal advantages of rank and merit; and the vile horde of dealers, who now prey upon artists, and grow rich by the abstraction of wealth from the pockets of collectors of the fine arts, would thus be effectually extinguished.

ON WHITEHALL AS A NATIONAL GALLERY.*

(From a Correspondent.)

FROM what has just transpired in the House of Commons, it appears that some idea is entertained of converting the Banqueting House at Whitehall into a national gallery, or, to speak more correctly, of depositing the national collection of pictures in that building; for nothing has been stated as to any particular alteration of the building itself. I cannot say that this scheme promises much in any shape for the future eclat and reputation of such a museum of paintings. Its chief, no, its only advantages, are that the situation is sufficiently central, and that the structure is ready built, so that it may soon be prepared, as well as ever it can be, for the reception of the pictures. On the other hand, this last mentioned circumstance carries along with it a most formidable objection, since an edifice erected for a very different purpose is not likely to prove particularly well suited for one which requires to be most carefully studied by the architect. It is not enough that there may be ample room for hanging up all the paintings; it is imperatively requisite that they should be displayed to the utmost advantage, both as regards individual subjects and the entire collection. There must be some kind of classification observed, or the whole would become nothing but a splendid chaos—a mere jumble as to schools, styles, subjects, and sizes. At least it will be said, all the paintings will be select, so that there cannot be any very violent contrasts in point of merit. I will admit this; but then it should seem that the more valuable the entire collection is, so much the greater care ought to be taken in its arrangement, and that every picture shall be seen in the most satisfactory manner. Holding such opinions, I cannot but think that the banqueting house is as ineligible a place as could have been pitched upon, and that a mere warehouse of equal extent might be far better accommodated to such a purpose. The interior is 110 feet by 55, and 57 high, and has two series of windows on each side. No objection can certainly be made to its length; but its other dimensions are most unfortunate: the dis-

* We insert this article at the instance of a correspondent, who has been a useful contributor to the Magazine. Our own sentiments on this subject will be found in another part of this Number.—ED.

tance from side to side is so great that the light, coming as it would from the side, would not fall sufficiently strong upon the pictures; then, again, as to height it is far beyond what even the very largest pictures in the collection would properly require, so that either a great portion of the upper part of the walls must be left quite bare, or paintings hung up where, however they might contribute to the general effect, their merits would be for the most part lost. Allowing that I have somewhat overrated these disadvantages, others of equal force still remain to be got over. So much space is occupied by windows that, except at the ends of the apartment, there is very little room for hanging pictures at all; neither do I see how the difficulty is to be overcome, and the place rendered at all available for the purposes of a gallery, unless the interior were to undergo very great alteration, such as clearing away the present galleries and the columns against the walls, closing up many of the doors, blocking up all the windows internally, and lighting the whole from above, either by one or more sky lights in the ceiling. Were there, however, nothing else against this plan, what in such case is to be done with the present splendid ceiling? which, by the by, is so singularly out of a place in a chapel, although an unconsecrated one, that I wonder the Bishop of London has attacked Mars and the other heathenish deities who now figure there.

Something was said in the house about hanging up the pictures against a screen, or screens, and by adopting this method it would certainly be found possible; yet beyond accomplishing that, it would, we apprehend, be found a failure, while the general effect of the interior would be sadly impaired, and the whole would have a strange make shift, patched up, and squeezed up, appearance. We very much question, likewise, whether the distance between the wall and the screen would not be then found less than would be desirable, except for the smaller pictures; and whether the inconvenience of two series of windows would not be sensibly felt.

Independently of these objections, we do not perceive how any material addition could hereafter be made to the building, should an increase in the collection require it, with greater facility than in any other situation.

Economy is undoubtedly a very excellent thing, and it happens just now to be particularly in fashion, or at least the show of it is; yet as there are some people who seem to think that we are in danger of becoming over righteous, and that religion is all very well in a "moderate way," so we, too, cannot help fearing that we are likely to become over economical, keeping a paltry chandler's shop account of all the little items of public expenditure, making the most of our cinders and candles' ends, but really saving nothing after all. Were those who have the keeping of the public purse to take fifty thousand pounds out of it and fling it to the bottom of the sea, John Bull would be perfectly justified in bawling out to the highest pitch of his

* Since writing the above we have seen that the same objection has been urged by Sir C. Burrell, who "felt perfectly satisfied that there was no more inappropriate place than Whitehall Chapel for a National Gallery. Besides it could not be properly lighted without destroying its beautiful ceiling."

lungs; but it does not follow that John would have any reason to fret and fume were we to use, not merely fifty but a hundred thousand pounds, or even more than that applied to the purpose of building a National Gallery, especially as John has no objection to make "ducks and drakes" of his cash when honour or vanity, or something of that sort pricks him on. To say nothing of the thousands who, more or less, are benefitted by the execution of extensive public works, the public themselves are quite sure of having something for their money, if not exactly their pennyworth for their penny. Either have they something to boast of, which is a very good thing; or they have something to rail at, which many of them seem to consider their most glorious privilege.

To be serious, and the reflection is enough to make us so, it says very little for the love of art in this country, at least for the estimation in which art is held as a national object, that while the little capital of the little kingdom of Bavaria has become the general admiration of all Europe for the splendour of its public galleries,—such apathy, or worse than apathy, together with so much jobbery and jobbing manifests itself here. Ever is there some sneaking interest, or some sneaking parsimony that thwarts a more liberal policy when it attempts to show itself. While we are princes in many private speculations, we certainly are a nation of "shopkeepers" in regard to public encouragement of art. Our gin shops may well excite astonishment by their impudent ostentation; but our palaces! aye, there's the rub! our palaces are most contemptible abortions. To say nothing of the wastefulness and mismanagement which have attended the whole progress of Buckingham Palace,—the building and pulling down again, the altering and re-altering, and patching up,—after being erected at an expense of £70,000, the marble arch in front of it is in its design very unworthy of the costly material it is constructed of; and so far from bestowing any grandeur on the whole, tends to make the building itself appear still meaner by the unfortunate opposition of colour.

It might have been supposed that we should have taken warning by this "unfortunate affair," yet similar mismanagement is likely to arise from false economy and the subterfuges to which it leads. The chief consideration seems to be to cut down estimates as low as possible, the consequence of which is, that it is found necessary to apply for further grants of money, so that the public save nothing in the end, while the building itself is certain to suffer more or less by this tortuous and zigzag way of proceeding. Let us hope that such will not be the case with the National Gallery should a new structure—and to this we think it must come at last—be erected for it. If our economy grudges such an edifice as will redound to our national credit as a piece of architecture, it would be more discreet to make no attempt whatever at external display, but content ourselves with a plain, substantial, John Bullish, unsophisticated, brick building, thereby disclaiming all pretensions to rival or compete with any of the similar establishments in other countries. If we must be parsimonious with our money, at least that is no reason wherefore we should be equally sparing and frugal with our discretion.

ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER BY SEA AND LAND.

(Continued.)

We had 15 killed and 55 wounded in the action. Eleven vessels, mounting in the whole 79 guns, were taken or burnt: so that the sacrifice of life was not disproportionate to the advantage obtained. Lieut. Taite, of the *Voluntaire*, and Mr. Caldwell, of the *Tigre*, were the only officers slain. The whole action occurred in sight of Lord Collingwood, who with his fleet stood close in shore. The humanity of Lord Collingwood has been the constant theme of all who knew him. In this instance he sympathized with the sufferings of the wounded, and showed respect for the slain. His lordship appointed a day for the funeral of those who had fallen in the action, when the whole fleet appeared with their pendants, ensigns, and the admiral's flags flying half-mast high; and all hands, officers and men, were on the decks, who committed the bodies of the slain to the deep, every ship firing three volleys of musketry over them.

It is an awful sight to witness a sea funeral on an appointed day after an action. Those who fall in battle and are immediately thrown overboard, though their fate is sufficiently melancholy, do not create so powerful a sensation to the mind. The former spectacle reminds one of the words of the poet-realized on an extensive scale:

"High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep."

Admiral Martin was a young man for an admiral, but he was an officer who had seen much service. I was glad it fell to his lot to chace the squadron, as he was before this in a little disfavour. He had the command of the naval department in Sicily, and was required to act in conjunction with Sir Charles Stewart, who had command of the military force. The French were on the opposite shore, and we could with our glasses watch each other's movements. One evening, the general commanding the French forces sent word to Sir Charles that he would breakfast with him on the following morning; Sir Charles sent word back that he was afraid the eggs would be hard. In the morning, although unexpected, the French general landed about 1800 men, which were soon taken prisoners: and the boats of the enemy, being exposed to a galling fire, retreated for the opposite shore.

We now, with the majority of the fleet, sailed for Minorca, leaving a few frigates to watch the enemy's port, though we were not in any fear of an attempt being made by the enemy a second time to relieve the garrison. Our ships were procuring fresh stores with all haste, and the admiral making the folks at the dock yard work all day on Sunday, in order to get the fleet ready for sea.

At Minorca, I exchanged into a line of battle ship, the *Colossus* of 74 guns, Captain Alexander, who is now an admiral. The *Colossus* was one of the finest 74's in the service. Her officers and crew were, without exception, the finest I ever saw, having been composed entirely of men who had fought at the battle of Trafalgar: for at that victory the *Colossus* having lost a great part of her crew, the remainder of the crew of the *Teméraire* were, after the battle, drafted into the *Colossus*. The *Colossus* fought in a most gallant manner in that action; she had an 80 gun ship on each side of her, both of which she took, and Captain Morris had two swords delivered to him from the vanquished captains. Captain M. was wounded by a grape-shot in the knee, but refused to quit the deck, and sat on a match tub during the engagement cheering his men. The *Colossus* had three hundred shot between wind and water: this will give some idea of the guns having been well served by the enemy. I felt more enthusiasm than ever in being on board this ship: it was here I could hear, in a perfect manner, all the particulars of that splendid victory. The captain was a young man for the command of a ship of the line. He was kind, very generous, and brave even to a fault. Our first lieutenant was a most excellent seaman, a fine high spirited officer, and a kind and attentive man to the crew. I need not say he was idolized by them. He was junior lieutenant in the ship at the battle of Trafalgar, and was wounded in five places. Our third lieutenant, Mr. M'Clean, was a midshipman in the same action, and was wounded in three different places, and very severely in one of his arms, whilst lashing the colours to the rigging after they had been shot away. He too was beloved by the crew for his gentleman-like deportment. This officer had a brother on board, a midshipman and messmate of mine, who afterwards joined the army under Wellington when we were at Cadiz, and is now a captain in the 42nd regiment of foot.

I cannot refrain from mentioning a circumstance, in reference to a midshipman in the fleet who had just served his time to pass for a lieutenant, and had also been in the battle of Trafalgar. What I am about to communicate does no credit to a certain captain, whom

this gentleman had in some manner displeased. When my friend went to pass for lieutenant, this captain spoke to the passing captains to induce them, if a pretext could be found for it, to turn him back. My friend appeared before these gentlemen quite unconscious of such a design. The most difficult questions were put to him, and were answered off hand much to the astonishment of those passing him. They now began to inspect his log-books, as it was proverbial in the navy that the midshipmen were very remiss in keeping them in good order—some not writing them up until during the last six months before going to pass, though the writing must appear to have been recently executed. But it was not so in this instance. This young gentleman was an excellent draughtsman, and every situation of the fleet, at various periods, of any consequence, was most accurately sketched. All the head lands along the shore, with bearings and distance, he had delineated each time the fleet stood in. I need not say the captains seemed still more delighted than astonished, and he of course passed. Then the plot was discovered. It could not be supposed that men could be found ready to blast the prospects of a fellow officer, a man they had never perhaps seen until standing before them to pass his examination for a lieutenant; but such has oftentimes been the case. The captain alluded to, instead of feeling ashamed of his conduct, persevered in doing every thing in his power to annoy my friend. In consequence of which, this young gentleman addressed a letter to the father of the fleet, Lord Collingwood, and despatched the same the first opportunity one of the ship's boats to which he belonged had occasion to go to his lordship's ship. I must here remark, to the noble memory of his lordship, that the complaint on the part of any private sailor was as regularly inquired into by him as if it had been made by a flag-officer or captain, and would not be dismissed without investigation, and redress—if it deserved it. The captains and officers of his ship knew that they durst not but at their peril attempt to stop any letter directed for him, come from whom it might. This checked a great deal of tyranny in the fleet. His lordship duly received the letter sent in this instance, sent for the gentleman, and closely questioned him. The complainant frankly told his lordship all the circumstances respecting his grievances. It did not take his lordship long to ascertain the merits of any case. He made all the necessary inquiries, and shortly afterwards sent again for the writer of the letter, and presented him with the commission of lieutenant and an appointment to a ship in the fleet in which there was a vacancy. Do not

imagine, gentle reader, for a moment, when I speak of a vacancy, that there was a want of officers to fill such an appointment. The contrary was the case. On board his lordship's ship there was a number of passed midshipmen waiting for appointments—*admiralty midshipmen sent out under Parliamentary influence; and, of course, these men were to be the first served: so thought the lords of the Admiralty, but so did not think Lord Collingwood, for he gave his Trafalgar boy the preference.* His lordship preferred merit and experience, in every instance, to the intercessions of influential persons. I could say much upon this subject, but as I should tire the patience of my readers in this place, I will sum all up when I take my leave of the navy.

The fleet now sailed for Cape Siccie in order to show the enemy they durst not venture out. We arrived, but found all quiet in Toulon Harbour. The enemy's fleet did not venture to come out even to exercise, unless in smooth water, and just under the protection of the batteries; and even then Lord Collingwood would compel them to go into harbour again. So dreaded was the surviving hero of Trafalgar that I have known many instances of his lordship blockading twenty-six sail of the enemy with but twelve of ours, the rest of our fleet having gone into port to refit; for his lordship used to send them in by two or three at a time to water and refit, and sometimes half the fleet have been away. It is a fact, that the gallant admiral has been out eighteen months at a time in most boisterous weather, and not had his foot on shore during the whole of that period.

I passed a very pleasant time on board of the *Colossus*, the captain, officers, and crew being all that I could wish. I heard many anecdotes related on board this ship with respect to the battle of Trafalgar. I also learnt all the particulars respecting the death of the immortal Nelson. Perhaps I may be indulged by my readers in referring to his death; the more especially, as I wish to bring before them the gallant conduct of a young midshipman on board the *Victory*. I am told that Nelson, in the early part of the day, was in high spirits, and expressed great pleasure at the prospect of giving a fatal blow to the naval power of France and Spain. Confident of victory, he declared he would not be satisfied with capturing less than twenty sail of the line. It is singular that he had often predicted that the 21st of October would be the day. It was even related to me by the superstitious sailors that his lordship had had his nativity cast by the then celebrated Mrs. Williams, and relied upon her predictions. To be brief, before the action began, he retired to his cabin and composed the following remarkable prayer, which having been granted in its

fullest extent, his memory has been endeared to the British nation. "May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it, and may humanity after the victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to him who gave it, and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully; to him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend.—Amen, Amen, Amen!!!"

About half-past one o'clock the admiral was standing in the middle of the quarter deck, and had just turned to walk abaft, when a musquet ball from the mizen top of the French ship struck him in the left shoulder, passed through the strap of the epaulette, (for he was in full dress,) and grazed the collar bone, entered his chest, and lodged in one of the dorsal vertebræ. The lamented chief fell with his face on the deck. The serjeant-major of the marines and two seamen flew to his assistance, and were raising him up when Captain Hardy, who was on the larboard side, turned round and saw the admiral was wounded. In answer to the anxious enquiries of the captain the gallant chief replied—"They have done for me at last, Hardy." "I hope not," said Hardy. "Yes," answered the dying hero, "my backbone is shot through." From the situation from whence the shot was fired Dr. Beatty calculates the distance to have been about fifteen yards; the mizen of the Redoutable being just abaft, and below the Victory's mainyard. The spot where he fell is now marked with a dark piece of wood, about an inch square, inlaid in the deck. The spot is also marked by a medal of the hero, within a frame and brass cover.

While the attendants conveyed the wounded admiral to the cockpit, the hero was still mindful of the great duty he had to perform, and not regardless of minor cares even in the agonies of death. As he passed the gun room he saw that the tiller ropes had been shot away and were not replaced, and gave orders that it should be instantly done; and having given this order he covered his face with his handkerchief that he might not be noticed by his crew. Lieutenant Ram and Mr. Whipple had just expired, when the surgeon, turning from them, was called to Lord Nelson. Mr. Burke and Dr. Beatty received the feeble fainting frame of their beloved chief from the arms of those who conveyed him to the cockpit, and placed him in one of the midshipmen's berths. The hero observed to the doctor, "You can do nothing for me, I have but a short time to live, my backbone is shot through." The surgeon soon discovered that the hero was

indeed mortally wounded, but except from the captain and one or two surrounding friends, he cautiously concealed the mournful fact as a secret until the day was nearly decided. Nelson was now near death: he constantly and impatiently called for Hardy, but it was long before the captain could quit the deck, the duty of the commander-in-chief having devolved upon him, according to the rules of the service, so long as Nelson lived. At length Hardy came, and Nelson inquired how the day went. "Very well, my Lord," replied Hardy, "twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships are in our possession, but their van has tacked and shown an intention of bearing down on the Victory. I have therefore called two or three of our best ships about us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

The symptoms of approaching dissolution crept on with resistless power, as the hero lay surrounded by many brave officers and men similarly situated. The surgeon could do no more, and reluctantly quitted him to afford his professional aid to less desperate cases. In fifty minutes after his first visit to the cockpit Hardy returned, and congratulated the hero on the capture of fifteen sail of the line. "That is well," said the dying hero, "but I bargained for twenty," and then he eagerly exclaimed, "anchor, Hardy, anchor." To this Hardy replied, "I suppose, my lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs." "Not while I live, I hope," said Nelson, as he ineffectually endeavoured to raise himself from his bed—"No Hardy, do you anchor." "Shall I make the signal, my lord?" said Hardy; "yes," answered Nelson, "for if I live I will anchor." Shortly after this the Captain returned to the quarter-deck, and but once more returned to the cockpit to take his last leave of his dying chief, who thanked God that *he had done his duty*, and expired in the cockpit of the Victory, at thirty-five minutes past four o'clock, P. M.

Shortly after the Victory, the admiral's ship, had been in battle, the shot were knocking about the bits round the mainmast, when Nelson observed, "This is too hot to last long," and turning round saw the sailors in the act of throwing his secretary overboard, who had just been cut in two by a cannon shot. Nelson said, "Is that poor Scott?" Shortly after this a young midshipman had his leg shot off by a cannon shot. Nelson said, in the most affectionate manner, to some sailors near him, "Take the youngster down to the cockpit." The young midshipman replied, "Thank you, my lord, I have been there so often, that I can find my way myself:" and he refused any assistance, observing that he would not take the men from their guns.

Nelson seemed astonished, and turning round to Captain Hardy said, "Let that youngster be provided for." By this he meant promoted. No doubt the reader thinks he is a post-captain by this time. No, indeed, he is a lieutenant, and now in Greenwich Hospital. It may be observed, in a certain quarter, that I am casting reflections upon the administration of naval affairs. Be it so—but I am sure that it is no fault of that upright and worthy associate of Nelson, Captain Hardy, that Nelson's dying request has not been complied with: for he must feel a great respect for all those who shared with him the laurels at the ever memorable battle of Trafalgar. I believe Sir Thomas Hardy is now one of the lords of the Admiralty, consequently, it is, at length, in his power to see this neglected officer made a post-captain. Mr. Rivers, the gunner of the *Victory* at the battle, was the father of the youth, and great praise was due to him for his great exertions during the action, in keeping the guns constantly supplied. Few people can tell the value of such an officer.

The *Donegal*, Captain Malcolm, was at anchor off Cadiz after the action, when it was blowing a heavy gale of wind. He had upwards of 600 prisoners then on the deck of his ship; an unfortunate Spaniard fell overboard. Notwithstanding the sea was then running so high that a boat had not been ventured out for the last twelve hours, two seamen jumped on the gangway. "Suppose he is a Spaniard," cried one, "it is no reason the poor fellow should be drowned," and they instantly dashed overboard to his rescue, while the admiring French and Spaniards were lost in astonishment, at so generous and daring an act. The poor fellow, however, sunk just as one of the seamen was about to lay hold of him. A boat was immediately hoisted out, and fortunately the two gallant fellows got safe on board. It may be truly said of such men:

"As yet amid this elemental war,
That scatters desolation from afar;
Nor toil nor hazard nor distress appear,
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear,
Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post."

We continued cruising off and on Cape Siccie, experiencing every now and then a N. E. gale. We, on one occasion, stood close in shore with the whole fleet. It was on the birth day of Napoleon Buonaparte, the French ships were decorated with the colours of all nations, and we could discern the English ensign under those of every other country. This certainly was not very magnanimous of the

French, and Napoleon would have been the first to find fault with such a display had he been at Toulon, for he knew they did not dare to come out and try our strength. One of our captains was so very indignant at this circumstance that he wrote a letter to the French admiral on the subject.

The second admiral of a fleet always presides as president of court martials. Ours was not very popular, and was caricatured in London as president of court martials of the Mediterranean fleet. When he presided—farewell mercy. I saw two men who were tried for desertion, and their sentence was to receive 500 lashes round the fleet. There is, perhaps, nothing on the face of the earth so revolting to human nature, as this most brutal of all outrages upon the feelings of gallant tars under such a sentence. The day the man is to be punished is known by the admiral making a general signal to copy orders. A midshipman from each ship goes on board of the admiral's ship with a book, and copies the order, which states that at a certain hour, on such a day a boat, manned and armed, is to be sent to the ship from which the man is sentenced to be punished. On the day appointed the signal is made from the admiral for the fleet to draw into a line. The hands are then turned up in each ship, and every officer appears with his cocked hat and side arms, and the marines are drawn up on the gangway with muskets and fixed bayonets. The ship launch, to which the delinquent belongs, is hoisted out and rigged up for the bloody tragedy. In this boat are two boatswain's mates with their cats, together with the surgeon and master at arms. The poor creature is now taken out of irons, in which he has been confined both before and after his sentence, and brought down from the deck into the boat. The master at arms next desires the mates to tie him up; he is then stripped, and a blanket thrown over his shoulders. The boats of each ship then make their painters fast, one ahead of the other, and thus form a long line of boats. The captain now looks over the gangway; the master at arms *reads the infernal sentence*, and the quantity of lashes the victim is to receive at each ship. The captain calls the boatswain's mate, and says, "Go on, sir, and do your duty." The blanket is now removed from the shoulder of the poor fellow, and then commences the fiend-like exhibition. After the victim has received one dozen, the captain tells the other *boatswain's mate to commence*, and after the poor fellow has received the next dozen the blanket is again thrown over his shoulders, and the boats tow the launch alongside the next ship, the drummer and fifer playing the rogue's march. The same ceremony is repeated,

and so on from ship to ship, until the surgeon pronounces the man can receive no more without endangering life; and woe be to the tyrant who dares to inflict one lash more after the surgeon has spoken. I here must remark that I never knew an instance of a surgeon in the navy being a tyrant; on the contrary, both he and his assistants are always respected for their tender regard of the sick under their care. After this degrading and cruel punishment the man is again towed to his ship, and helped on board, he is next sent into the sick bay, his back is anointed in order to heal it, and, in case he has not received all his punishment, to enable him again to be tortured. The boatswain's mates are generally the most active, as well as the most powerful men on board. When a man has been flogged round the fleet he is of no further service, his muscles are contracted, and he is no longer an able man. What a dreadful reflection it is when this case is applied to an instance of a man impressed into the service; the poor fellow having been torn from his wife and children and sent on board a king's ship. My pen cannot do justice to my disgust of the system of impressing seamen. Such a mode of manning a fleet is as disgraceful to humanity, as it is contrary to sound policy. If there were uniformly good conduct in naval commanders, there would be no want of seamen; it is the dread of tyranny, and not the fear of enemies, that deters men from a desire to follow the glorious avocations of a British sailor.

I have known instances in the navy of some captains who could not see a man flogged, and would retire to their cabins when he was about to be punished. We had many very worthy captains in the fleet. Sir Benjamin Hallowell was one of them; he was one of the most experienced officers and finest seamen I ever knew. Indefatigable in the execution of his duty, he was an excellent captain in an admiral's ship for the dispatch of the business of a great fleet, as he understood perfectly well that part of its government which fell under such an administration. He is now an admiral. Lord Collingwood was much attached to this officer; more so, perhaps, than to any other in the fleet. I would be bound to pledge my life, that he never caused a man to be sent through the fleet. Sir Benjamin had, I dare say, forty midshipmen in his ship, all his followers—this always speaks well of a captain—he took more care of them than their own fathers would have done. He knew that to learn naval tactics required midshipmen to enter very young into the service, and that too, before they could have had the means of a liberal education. To prevent their having to make up leeway hereafter, he had an experienced school-

master on board to instruct them. All his midshipmen were good mathematicians, and many of them dipped deeply into the classics. Sir Benjamin had different models of batteries, he had only to see a port and to ascertain the position of the guns, and he could soon tell how many could bear upon his ship, if occasion required him to stand in under them.

We had also an excellent officer in the fleet, Rear-admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who commanded the Centaur. Our second in command now sailed for England, and without being regretted. My Lord Collingwood I should imagine did not, else the officer alluded to would not have gone home. If any act of tyranny of any captain came to his lordship's knowledge, he used generally to find some opportunity of sending them home. When we expected to engage the enemy's fleet off Barcelona, Lord Collingwood saw marines going into the tops of the second in command's ship, and he very wisely telegraphed not to send men in the tops of his ship. *Many wondered the cause of it, and indeed I now do*, for it was mistaken philanthropy. A circumstance occurred in the battle of the first of June under Lord Howe. Captain Montague, who commanded a line of battle ship in his lordship's fleet, flogged six men as he was in the act of bearing down on the enemy's fleet. Shortly after they had been in battle, the first lieutenant was standing close to the captain, and a musket-ball came in a perpendicular direction and passed between him and the lieutenant. Upon which the captain said, "That is not an enemy's shot;" the lieutenant observed, "It is not a friendly one, and therefore I beg leave to take open order;" and which he did, and had no sooner done so than a second shot was more effectually directed, which penetrated the crown of the captain's head, and the tyrant fell to rise no more. He, of course, was shot by some of his own men; and I have no doubt that many tyrants of officers are dispatched when in action in the same manner. When I was last at Bristol, a curious circumstance occurred. I was going to Clifton in one of the boats which ply between that city and Clifton, and soon discovered the man that rowed us was an old man of war's man. After telling what ships I had served in, he informed me that there was at that time a man plying between the city and Clifton who had been captain of the foretop of the Topaze, and he said that he saw one of our men shoot one of our sergeants of marines in action, and the reason assigned was, because he was such a tyrant, was used always to be making reports to his superior officer, and by so doing often getting the men punished.

We had one captain in the fleet a great tyrant. Court martials were always being held upon some of his officers or men. He used to go by the name of *Bombay Jack*, and indeed his ship was marked out for her dirty appearance. He tried one of his lieutenants, who of course was broke. It is a rare occurrence that a captain tries one of his officers, and he is not broke. The court is composed of captains, and should it be in a fleet or in port an admiral or two also preside at the court. A court martial in such a case is a mockery of justice, and should we ever again go to war, it is to be hoped that some reform will take place in reference to court martials. The lieutenant who was broke possessed a little determination of character; after he went home, he soon returned to Minorca, and there waited until this tyrant came into harbour, and called him out. The wretch refused to meet him, upon which the gentleman declared he would horsewhip him the first time he met him on shore. Whenever the captain came on shore, he always had several other captains with him, in order to prevent his being chastised, and I regret to say that he again sailed without meeting that punishment he so richly deserved.

Lord Collingwood's health had been much impaired ever since we chased the French squadron before-mentioned, for his lordship did not go to bed, nor even quit the deck until the enemy were annihilated. Sir Benjamin Hallowell, and one or two other captains whom his lordship had the highest respect for, were observed more frequently than usual to go on board his lordship's ship. The last telegraphic signal ever caused to be made by his lordship was, "Send young Benjamin Hallowell on board." His lordship was then dying, and had a wish to see the son of that worthy man before he died: what he said to him I do not know. Soon after this his lordship's flag was lowered half-mast high, which told a sad tale to the fleet that his spirit had fled. He died on board of the *Ville de Paris* at sea, worn out in the service of his country.

Adorn his tomb! oh raise the marble bust!
Proclaim his honours and protect his dust.

His remains were sent home to his native land, from which he had been a stranger for many years, to relations and friends.

I regret I have not the power of doing adequate justice to Lord Collingwood's merits: he was a most excellent seaman: he did not trouble his head much about a fine address: satisfied with the uprightness of his own intentions, he went on directly to what he thought was necessary for the good of the service; his heart was so in-

tently fixed upon it, that he was the less able to bear with the neglects and faults of others. His principles were solid, and his judgment penetrating into men and things, and virtue, wisdom, and valour, gave him a natural right to command. He took great pains in acquiring the various arts of discipline in the government of the fleets of all nations, from which he made excellent observations and comparisons, extracting the good maxims, and thus making great improvements. His condescension and affability were conspicuous to every person. He obtained renown for his tender regard to the interests of the seamen of his fleet engaged in the service of their country, and did all in his power to improve the food of the sailor. The use of the brutal practice in our navy (and which one would suppose our officers must have borrowed from some savage nation) of starting a man, was prohibited in his lordship's fleet. His lordship knew that the practice oftentimes goaded men on to rebellion. His lordship's character was admirably adapted to the reformation of a service, on which the safety of England depends. Collingwood, without maintaining an inquisitorial strictness over the officers, or taking too close an inspection of the gaieties and follies of youth, always censured or strictly punished a departure from the character of a gentleman and a man of honour, as the case merited.

The naval department under his command was like a family under the protection of a father, who, willing to promote merit, checks with a timely frown licentiousness and extravagance. No solicitations could make him promise what was not in his power to grant, nor could any circumstances induce him to break or elude the promise which he had once given. He never betrayed with a false hope or ruined with a smile. Though framed in the boisterous elements, his mind was by soft humanity refined, and well knew the joys of wedded love. He possessed the kindest feelings, and was on all possible occasions accessible and compassionate. If an officer was slain, his lordship's first enquiry was, "Has he left a widowed wife or an orphan family?" If so, he used to do all in his power to render their situation more comfortable. I could give numerous anecdotes of his lordship, but should occupy too much of the time of my readers. I cannot refrain from quoting the following passage, which occurs in a letter from him to Lord Radstock, dated 3rd February, 1807.

"Wherever Buonaparte reigns, there is the domination of power which is felt or dreaded by all. His rule was repugnant to the interests and welfare of the people, and whenever his tide of greatness be at the full his ebb will be more rapid than his rise. I cannot help think-

ing that epoch is not distant. In that event the world may hope for peace for a few years, until ease and wealth make them licentious and insolent, and then our grand-children may begin the battle again. What I am most anxious about is the plantation of oak in this country. We shall never cease to be a great people while we have ships, which we cannot have without timber, and that is not planted because people are unable to play at cards next year with the produce of it. I plant an oak wherever I have a place to put it in, and have some very fine plantations coming on, and not only that, I have a nursery in my garden from which I give trees to any gentleman who will plant them, and instructions how to top them at a certain age, to make them spread to knee timber."

I have heard many officers speak ill of his lordship; I have been not a little surprised at this, but I know that passion must have had more sway with them than reason and justice.

An admiral or general, or any public officer, is an instrument of the royal authority, invested with the power to do good. While disinterestedness and candour and nobleness of soul influence him, his talents and capacities promote the interest and glory of his country, and by prudence and courage he surmounts all obstacles; such a man was Lord Collingwood, and may the British ever honour and revere his immortal memory as I do.

H. L.

To be continued.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE CHAIN.

It was in the latter end of the month of April, in the year 1826 (being then at Paris), that I was invited by a friend to accompany him to the prison of Bicêtre, to witness the formation of the chain of convicts which was to take its departure for Toulon. At the early hour of seven on the appointed morning, we presented ourselves at the massive portal of the vast and gloomy pile, within the walls of which were incarcerated the unfortunate wretches sentenced to the galleys; and on exhibiting our order were admitted into a large quadrangular court, where the captain of the chain and his escort, with the vehicles and all the necessary apparatus for his degrading office, had just previously arrived. The prisoners doomed to undergo this afflicting punishment were then ordered to descend in parties of eight-and-

twenty at a time, and being stripped perfectly naked (in order to give *Vidocq* and his agents, who were in attendance, an opportunity of examining any marks upon their persons, by which, in case of escape, they might be hereafter recognised), a dress provided for the occasion was given them, and the work of enchainment commenced. The ill-fated beings to the number above mentioned were arranged two by two on each side of an iron chain of immense thickness, attached to which, at certain intervals, were others of smaller dimensions affixed to a collar of the same metal, which was placed round the neck and rivetted by an attendant armourer. In this operation the greatest circumspection was necessary on the part of both blacksmith and culprit, as the slightest deviation in the arm of the one, or the body of the other, would inevitably subject the head of the latter to a contact with the ponderous iron mallet, a conjunction which would prove instantaneously fatal. This dangerous part of the ceremony completed, the hair of the head and face was cut off by the prison barber, a single tuft of a ludicrous form or a solitary whisker being occasionally left as marks of derision. The criminals were then permitted to parade about the yard with the cumbersome ornaments of their new calling. In this manner eight chains were formed, containing upon an average each eight-and-twenty individuals. The blasphemous cries which now arose, the mutual revilings which took place between *Vidocq's* band, and (in many instances) their victims, the wild ravings of hardened guilt, contrasted with the dejected looks and hollow murmurs of those not as yet brutalized by crime, the reverberating din of the massive iron as it struck against the pavement, altogether formed a scene difficult to describe and dreadful to contemplate.

Amid the various anomalies of character, which the spectacles I have portrayed presented to my view, I was peculiarly attracted by the appearance of a young man, whose air and demeanour seemed ill qualified for the part his evil destiny had allotted him to perform; there was a natural dignity in his deportment, and an ingenuousness in his countenance, that claimed no affinity with the degradation of his actual position. As he viewed the manacles which were to attach him for a certain period to some of the vilest outcasts of the human species, his features became contracted as if by the pressure of mental agony, his lips were strongly compressed, his hands firmly clenched, his eyes rigidly fixed, the convulsive heaving of his manly breast evidenced his internal anguish; absorbed in the profound reflection of his own wretchedness, he uttered not a sound, but, as though impressed with the utter hopelessness of resistance, submitted patiently

to the whole process of his enchainment: at its conclusion, one groan of horror burst from the unhappy man, the sacrifice was consummated, and his complaints (if any escaped him) were speedily drowned in the boisterous shouts of his depraved companions. My heart felt an unusual degree of sympathy for the unfortunate stranger, the other criminals excited no correspondent emotion; I regarded them, 'tis true, as objects of compassion *en masse*, but there was something in the youthful delinquent which created an exclusive yet indefinable sensation. I would have staked my existence that no crime of a *degrading* nature had justified his condemnation, and I became impressed with an uncontrollable desire to learn the circumstances which had reduced him to the dreadful situation in which I beheld him. I had remarked the air of noble *fierté* which so peculiarly characterised (under the imperial sway) the young aspirants to military fame, a distinguishing trait which the restoration of the *ancien régime* has, alas! been nearly successful in obliterating: in short, my interest in his fate became so intense, my mind formed so many vague surmises and unsatisfactory conjectures, that I insensibly sank into a deep reverie, from which I was only roused by a smart tap on the shoulder from my friend, when I discovered that during the period of my mental aberration the whole of the convicts had departed. My companion and myself were about to do the same, when the director of the prison (whom I since ascertained to have been a captain in the French army) advanced towards us, and, with that *bonhomie* which forms so conspicuous a feature in the manners of his countrymen, inquired, "If we had derived any amusement from the spectacle we had witnessed." I embraced the opportunity thus afforded me, to make him acquainted with the object which had so forcibly excited my interest. He politely invited us to adjourn to his private room, and, having presented us with seats, obligingly satisfied my curiosity with the following narration.

"The young man," said the Director, "who has so particularly attracted the observation of Monsieur, is the son of an old officer, who commanded one of the cavalry regiments of the Imperial Guard, and who gallantly encountered a soldier's death in a charge at the head of his corps on the plains of Waterloo. He had been honoured with the esteem of the emperor, and was universally lamented by all who knew or had served under him. His only son, Francis, commenced his military career as a cadet, under the auspices of his father, and obtained the rank of lieutenant but a short time previous to Napoleon's first abdication. On the return of the latter from Elba, Francis, who

had imbibed a large portion of the enthusiastic attachment, which actuated all grades of the army for its illustrious chief, hastened to rejoin that standard which he had been taught to identify with his earliest aspirations of glory. A brief but gracious display of imperial recognition elevated him almost beyond the scale of humanity, and he became the devoted follower of a man, whose gigantic ambition the conquest of worlds would have been inadequate to appease! At Waterloo he had individually to deplore a premature orphanage, together with the wreck of all his bright anticipations: he had been promoted to a captaincy in the regiment commanded by his late parent, but this promotion sharing the fate of every other which took place during the period denominated the "*cent jours*," was rescinded by the ministry of the restored dynasty, and he was shortly afterwards drafted as lieutenant, into a regiment of the line, the superior officers of which were staunch Bourbonists, and who eagerly embraced every opportunity to ridicule the predilections and crush the energies of the youthful subaltern. The major of the corps was particularly inveterate in his persecutions, and treated him on several occasions with marked scorn and indignity. Francis for some time patiently bore these aggressions, till one day, at a review of the troops by the Duke d'Angouleme, he received an insult so pointed and public, that his feelings became roused to madness, and for a moment, forgetful of his subordinate station, he laid the flat of his sword across the shoulders of his malignant tormentor, calling upon him to defend himself—the result may be surmised—he was speedily disarmed, and sent a prisoner to the "Abbaye."* In a few days he was tried by a court martial, found guilty, and sentenced to death—the fatal hour arrived—already, in the midst of his escort, was he on the march to the place of execution—he had nearly reached the spot that was to terminate his earthly existence, when an aide-de-camp galloped up and announced a reprieve. He was reconducted to his former prison. It appears that a marshal of France, who had known and respected the father, interceded for the son. The king partly granted his prayer, but the humane intentions of the noble and disinterested petitioner were in a great measure frustrated, by the degrading restrictions with which the boon was accorded. An adverse party had contrived to render his majesty's clemency valueless to the individual concerned, as every subsequent exertion proved unavailing to reverse the definitive sentence, that doomed Francis Delorme to the gallies for life!!!

G. B. H.

* Military prison at Paris.

PAUL SANDBY.

A SHORT sketch of the life of this artist may prove acceptable to our readers, not merely to those of his own profession, but to all who delight in witnessing the rise of merit—*native* merit, now so much neglected.

Paul Sandby was born at Nottingham, (a town which has produced several eminent men), in the year 1732. Of his childhood little is known, but he came to London at the age of fourteen, and was admitted a pupil in the Drawing Room in the Tower, where his progress was so marked that he was appointed to attend General Watson and the Commission for inspecting the Highlands of Scotland, in the capacity of draughtsman. This commission was for the purpose of surveying the face of the "North Countree," previous to the planning of roads through it, after the rebellion in favour of Charles Edward in 1745, during which campaign the want of roads was severely felt by the royal army. The state of the country at that period is said to have given rise to the lines commencing

"Had you but seen these roads before they were made,
You would have held up your hands and blessed General Wade."

The journey gave him much employment, and the necessary intercourse with the natives afforded him no small amusement. The manners of these mountaineers were then far less Anglicised than they are at present, and Sandby was accustomed to tell a ludicrous story, probably with embellishments, of an accident which happened to him during a ramble with two companions among the hills. Perhaps it may with propriety be repeated here. After a stroll of many a weary mile the party came upon a coterie of Highland lasses engaged in what was then, and, for aught we know, may be now termed a "ground wash," which was performed in a very primitive way. The damsels' garments were raised to a height which would be considered hardly becoming (even in Bond Street) when short petticoats were fashionable, and secured by ligatures close to the fair wearers' limbs in a mode

"Which half revealed the form it meant to hide."

The scene was crossed by a small brook, in which each *blanchisseuse* deposited her linen in an orderly heap, upon which she mounted and

stood firm to press it down; she then began to move her feet gradually, to drive the water through the linen, and by this means to free it from impurity. At first the operation was performed with becoming gravity, and for some time the observers and the observed were alike unconscious of being noticed by any one; at length, however, the occupation began to raise the young ladies' spirits, and some began to sing, some to dance, and others to dispense the element among their companions, until the spirit of frolic took the most complete possession of the whole party, and led them, like the Bacchantes of old, to commit all kinds of vagaries, while they all sedulously and vehemently continued their tramping upon the linen. The scene was so irresistably ludicrous that Sandby and his friends, after great exertions to contain themselves, broke from a giggle into a roar of laughter, much to the astonishment and dismay of the fair actresses. Some bounded off in various directions, others congregated together like frightened sheep, while a few of the bolder ones, burning with desire of revenge, (like the priestesses of the *Bona Dea*) filled several large buckets with water, and, unperceived, stealing round the presumptuous strangers, made a simultaneous rush towards them, and deluged them in a moment. The male party instantly took to their heels, pursued for some time by the shouts and cries of the incensed maidens, and made the best of their way to head quarters. Sir Walter Scott alludes to this method of washing, in the first volume of *Waverley*, the hero of which novel is described as standing in Sandby's situation.

Upon Sandby's return from Scotland, he was made teacher of drawing to the Military Academy, which situation he held for the remainder of his life. After this he was appointed by King George III. to instruct all the young princes in drawing—another master of great talent, though inferior to Sandby, being selected as teacher to the female branches of the royal family. Sandby had also at this time a most extensive circle of private pupils among the first families in the kingdom.

The style in which Sandby at first practised, and in which he greatly excelled, was what is termed "body colours." This mode of painting had been long practised on the continent by Marco Ricci, Masih, Goupy, and others. It was in this style also that "Athenian Stuart" prepared all the views for his celebrated work. The inconvenience of this process, however, soon led Sandby to prefer a different method, which, if he did not actually invent, he carried to great perfection. He first drew his outlines correctly, the greater part with mere pen

and ink; he then sketched the distances with lead pencils, laid in the shadows with Indian ink, and washed the colours over the whole. This process procured for itself the names of washed, tinted, or stained drawing, and was used by Sandby more than any other method, and at length became so common as almost to exclude its rival from practice. Indeed the latter had several disadvantages: the most formidable of which was that the white lead, with which all the colours were originally prepared, soon became brown, and ultimately black, which of course was destructive of the picture.

During his residence in Scotland, Sandby was indefatigable in sketching wherever he visited, and by means of his drawings, the English public was rendered somewhat familiar with the scenery of North Britain. He also made journeys into Wales, North and South, as also into many parts of England itself; and the fruit of his labours was the dawn of that taste for representations of British scenery which is now so prevalent.

Kearsley, a bookseller, then well known, accidentally formed the idea of commencing a work containing well executed engravings, with short descriptions of their subjects, and, in prosecution of this plan, procured a large quantity of French pictures, which having had copied by native artists he published periodically. After a few numbers had been issued of this work, which was called "The Copperplate Magazine," an engraving of Sandby's was inserted, which was extremely admired by the connoisseurs of that day. The work instantly became popular. Kearsley, who was by no means blind to his own interests, immediately laid aside all foreign productions, and employed Sandby alone. Several volumes were filled with his designs; and from that time this branch of art has been advancing gradually but steadily towards perfection, and the *acmé* to which it has already arrived, may be best seen by reference to the Annuals for the present year. Imagine "The Keepsake," for example, put into the hands of Sandby after he had been completing a design for "The Copperplate Magazine," and—but none but an artist could form an idea of his ecstasy.

Sandby's reputation continued to increase with the beauty of his drawings, and no person imagined himself any thing of a connoisseur unless he possessed some of Paul's works. Sandby also first naturalized the art of engraving in aqua tinta. This art is said to have been produced in France by the celebrated Leprince, who travelled into Russia, and who produced many picturesque views of scenery in that country. Another inventor has, however, been claimed for it in

the person of another French artist of less renown than Leprince. We will not attempt to decide so weighty a matter, and rest satisfied with Sandby's undisputed claim to its introduction here.

Paul Sandby was a liberal and benevolent man. He was fully aware of the difficulties and obstacles which attend, or rather precede, the first attempts of the young artist to rise into eminence; and, where it lay in his power, he did all he could to remove them.

Of the time of death and of the place of burial of the subject of this sketch, the writer is ignorant. It matters not; Paul Sandby

"Needs nor labour'd tombe nor sculpture proude,
His name alone is his moste worthie shrowde."

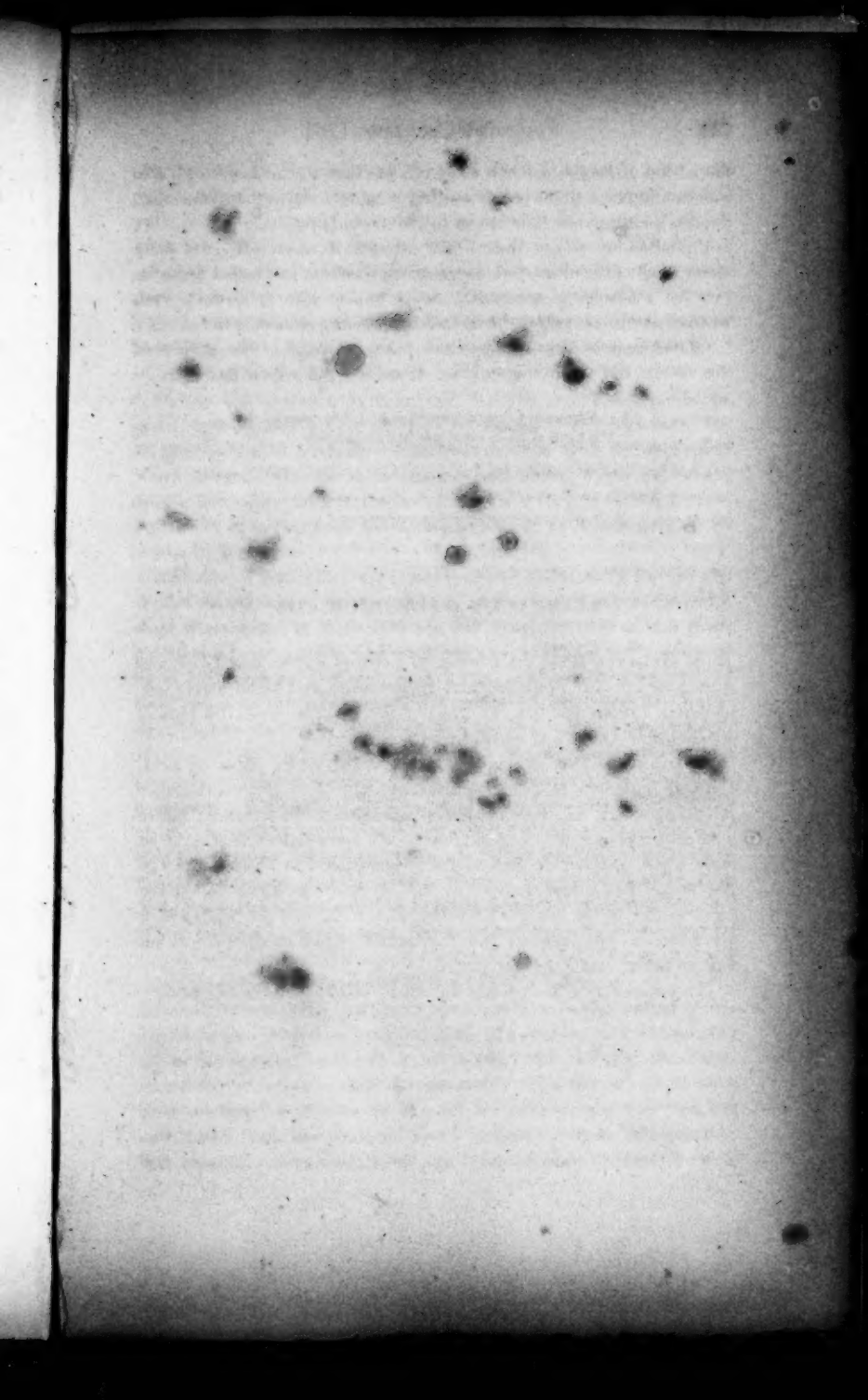
C.

RYSBRACK'S CATALOGUE, 1764.

JOHN MICHAEL RYSBRACK came to England in the year 1720, was contemporary with Roubiliac and Scheemeker, and found ample employment in this country, as the number of monuments by him in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere sufficiently show.

He resided in Vere Street, Oxford Street, at which place he died, and was buried in Marylebone Churchyard, 1770. His collection of prints, drawings, &c. were numerous and select; and it cannot fail to be a matter of curiosity and interest to see a marked catalogue at so early a period, when the Arts might be considered in their infancy in England. The prices marked in the original catalogue are in the hand writing of the late Paul Sandby, Esq. R.A., and the heads which are given in our plate are from his pencil, drawn on the margin, all well known characters of the period.

The remainder of this curious document will be given in our next.





H. A. Reed, Sc.

Characters sketched by O. Sandby
at Rysbracks Sale 1764

*A Catalogue of the Capital and Entire Collection of Prints, Drawings, and Books of Prints, of Mr. Michael Rysbrack, of Vere Street, near Oxford Chapel, Statuary.**

Consisting of the most scarce, and most esteemed Works of Masters of the greatest Eminence; all of which are in the finest Condition, and the Impressions extremely curious.

In this Collection (which Mr. Rysbrack has been many Years, and at great Expence, completing) there are, among many other valuable Books, the excellent Works of Poussin, in three Volumes, and those of Carlo Marratti, in one Volume, richly bound.

All which will be sold by Auction, by Mr. LANGFORD and Son, at their House in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden, on Wednesday the 15th of this Instant February, 1764, and the nine following Evenings.

The said Collection may be viewed on Monday the 13th, and every Day after (Sunday excepted) till the Time of Sale, which will begin each Evening punctually at Six o'Clock. Catalogues of which may be had gratis on the Days of viewing, at Mr. Langford's aforesaid.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

1st. The highest Bidder is to be the Buyer; and if any Dispute shall arise between any two or more Bidders, the LOT so disputed shall be put up again, and resold, or decided by the Company.

2dly. No Person to advance less than 6d. under a Pound; above a Pound 1s. above Five Pounds 2s. 6d. and so on in Proportion.

3dly. The Purchasers are to give in their Names and Places of Abode, and to pay down Five Shillings in the Pound (if required) in Part of Payment of the Purchase Money; in Default of which, the Lot or Lots so purchased, to be put up again, and resold.

4thly. The Lots shall be fetched away with all Faults, at the Buyer's Expence, within Two Days after the SALE; and the Remainder of the Purchase Money be ABSOLUTELY paid ON OR BEFORE the Delivery.

Lastly. Upon Failure of complying with the above Conditions, the Money so deposited in Part of Payment, shall be forfeited; the Lots uncleared within the two Days aforesaid, shall be resold, by public or private Sale, and the Deficiency (if any) together with the Charges attending such Resale, shall be made good by the Defaulters at this Sale.

* See the plate, which accompanies this number, with engravings of the heads sketched by Paul Sandby, R.A. at the sale.

FIRST NIGHT'S SALE, Wednesday, Feb. 15.

PRINTS.

LOT	£.	s.	d.
1 Antique proportions, by <i>Audran</i>	0	2	6
2 Thirty-four of cattle, by <i>Berghem</i>	0	11	0
3 Three views of <i>Whitehall</i> and <i>Greenwich</i>	0	6	0
4 Four of huntings, by <i>Mr. Wootton</i>	0	8	0
5 Four by <i>P. Farinati</i>	0	19	0
6 Four by <i>Domenichino</i>	0	10	6
7 Four angels by <i>ditto</i>	0	8	6
8 Eight by <i>P. da Cortona</i>	0	10	6
9 Eight by old masters	1	1	0
10 Four by <i>And. Sacchi</i>	0	15	0
11 <i>Mac Swiney's</i> tombs	1	2	0
12 One by <i>Ciro Ferri</i>	0	3	6
13 Twenty-two by <i>Polydore</i>	0	5	0
14 Six by <i>Rubens, Vandych, &c.</i>	0	16	0
15 Six by <i>C. Ferri</i> and <i>Pietro da Pietri</i>	0	16	0
16 Eight heads by <i>Nantueil</i>	0	10	6
17 Eight by <i>P. da Cortona, &c.</i>	0	13	0
18 Six angels by <i>Mich. Angelo</i>	0	5	6
19 Eight by <i>P. da Cortona, &c.</i>	0	11	0
20 Four by <i>P. da Cortona</i> and <i>Ciro Ferri</i>	0	9	0
21 Seven etchings by <i>Lud. and Ann. Carracci</i>	1	6	0
22 Seven ditto by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> and <i>Bourdon</i>	1	3	0
23 Eight ditto by <i>Parmegiano, Guido, &c.</i>	0	12	0
24 Six wood cuts by <i>Raphael, Guido, &c.</i>	0	7	6
25 The erection of the obelisk in the vatican	0	3	0
26 Eight of boys by <i>Guido</i>	2	15	0
27 Nine by <i>Titian, Ann. Carracci, &c.</i>	1	6	0
28 Seven from <i>Crozat's</i> cabinet	0	16	6
29 Six from ditto	1	13	0
30 Five by <i>Ann. Carracci, &c.</i>	0	17	0

DRAWINGS.

31 A parcel of monuments, &c.	0	5	6
32 A parcel of ditto	0	11	0
33 Thirty-three of ditto	0	7	6
34 Eleven of dead game, &c. by <i>Peter Rysbrack</i>	1	13	0
35 Fourteen of monuments, &c.	0	5	6
36 Twenty-six of ditto, &c.	0	4	0
37 A parcel of architecture, &c.	0	5	0
38 Seven of ornaments, &c. by <i>Diepenbeck</i>	0	4	6
39 Ten of chimnies	0	5	6
40 Four of ditto	0	5	0
41 Six of ditto	0	8	6
42 Sixteen by various masters	0	13	0

LOT	£.	s.	d.
43 Eight of landscapes	0	15	0
44 Eight ditto	0	15	0
45 Eight by Mr. <i>Rysbrack</i>	1	9	0
46 Six by ditto	1	10	0
47 Seven by ditto	2	0	0
48 Four by ditto	1	2	0
49 Five by <i>Julio Romano</i> , &c.	0	10	0

BOOKS OF PRINTS.

50 Two of Architecture, by <i>Palladio</i> and <i>Le Blond</i>	0	4	0
51 One by <i>Vignola</i>	0	4	0
52 <i>Inigo Jones's</i> Designs, by Mr. <i>Ware</i>	0	7	6
53 Ditto by Mr. <i>Kent</i> and Mr. <i>Vardy</i>	0	13	0
54 One of Architecture, by <i>Le Clerc</i>	0	7	6
55 Two by <i>Daviler</i>	0	9	0
56 One by <i>Mantuanus</i> from <i>Mich. Angelo</i>	2	0	0
57 Two, a Drawing Book by <i>Parmegiano</i> , and <i>Ulysses</i> Travels	0	9	6
58 Two, <i>Brunetti's</i> Ornaments and Proportions of antique figures	0	13	0
59 Parallel of antient and modern Architecture.	0	8	0

PRINTS.

60 Eight heads by <i>Vandyck</i>	1	8	0
61 Six heads after <i>Vandyck</i> , by M. <i>Vanden Enden</i>	1	1	0
62 Six heads ditto	0	15	0
63 Two by <i>Rubens</i>	0	11	0
64 Four by ditto	0	15	0
65 Two by ditto	0	6	0
66 Three by ditto	0	13	6
67 Four etchings by <i>Lud. and Ann. Carracci</i>	0	17	0
68 Ten of birds, &c. after <i>Barlow</i> , by <i>Hollar</i>	0	16	0
69 Nine of lions, birds, &c. by ditto	1	1	0
70 Six by <i>Baptista Franco</i> , &c.	1	4	0
71 Six etchings by <i>Mola</i> , <i>Raphael</i> , <i>Titian</i> , &c.	0	12	0
72 Seven ditto by <i>P. Veronese</i> , <i>Domenichino</i> , &c.	0	15	0
73 Ten ditto by <i>Palma</i> , <i>Della Bella</i> , &c.	1	6	0
74 Six ditto by <i>Guido</i>	0	18	0
75 Six by <i>Correggio</i> , <i>Perino del Vago</i> , &c.	4	0	0
76 Four by <i>Marc Antonio</i> , &c.	1	6	0
77 Four by <i>Agust. Venetiano</i> , &c.	1	1	0
78 Nine by <i>Marc Antonio</i>	2	7	0
79 Six by ditto	1	9	0
80 Six by ditto	1	17	0
81 Four by ditto	1	10	0
82 Five by ditto	1	12	0

SECOND NIGHT'S SALE, Thursday, Feb. 16.

PRINTS.

LOT		£	s.	d.
1	Nine mezzotinto by <i>Smith</i>	0	10	6
2	Six by <i>Julio Romano</i>	0	2	0
3	Thirteen etchings by <i>Parmegiano</i>	0	9	6
4	The four elements by <i>Boullogne</i>	0	8	0
5	Twenty of cattle by <i>Hooper</i>	1	7	0
6	Five by <i>Carlo Marratti</i>	0	5	0
7	Five by <i>P. da Cortona, Mignard, &c.</i>	0	11	0
8	The battle of the bridge, by <i>Le Brun</i>	0	6	0
9	Twelve academy figures by <i>Bouchardon</i>	0	2	0
10	Ten etchings by <i>Ann. and L. Caracci</i>	1	2	0
11	Five by <i>Wovermans</i>	0	10	6
12	Four by <i>Vanloo</i>	0	11	0
13	Seven from <i>Crozat's cabinet</i>	0	15	0
14	Twenty seven by <i>Della Bella</i>	0	18	0
15	The triumph of <i>Constantine</i> , by <i>Le Brun</i>	0	7	6
16	Cardinal <i>Richlieu's</i> tomb, by <i>Girardon</i>	0	3	0
17	Three by <i>Mr. Major and Vivares</i>	0	8	6
18	Thirty-six by <i>Callot</i>	0	12	6
19	Eight etchings by <i>Guido, &c.</i>	2	4	0
20	Five wood cuts by <i>Raphael</i>	0	4	6
21	The life of our Saviour by <i>Parrocelle</i>	1	11	6
22	Six after <i>Guido</i> , by <i>Poilly, &c.</i>	1	14	0
23	Twelve by <i>Julio Romano, Raphael, &c.</i>	1	19	0
24	Five by <i>Romanelli, Bloemart, &c.</i>	0	13	0
25	Two by <i>Mignard</i>	0	6	6
26	Six heads after <i>Vandyck</i> by <i>Vanden Enden</i>	1	3	0
27	Six heads after <i>ditto</i> , by <i>Hollar</i>	1	7	0
28	Three by <i>Rubens and Vandyck</i>	0	8	0
29	Two by <i>Rubens</i>	0	15	6
30	Two by <i>ditto</i>	0	6	6

DRAWINGS.

31	Six of monuments.....	0	9	0
32	Five ditto	0	8	0
33	Six ditto.....	0	7	6
34	Eleven ditto	0	11	6
35	Five ditto	0	16	0
36	Four ditto	0	13	6
37	Six of chimnies	0	8	0
38	Seven of monuments, &c.....	0	5	6
39	Ten ditto	0	17	0
40	Ten ditto	0	10	6
41	Six ditto	0	8	0
42	Six of monuments.....	0	8	0

	£.	s.	d.
43 Ten ditto	0	16	0
44 Ten landscapes	0	16	6
45 Six by Mr. <i>Rysbrack</i>	0	17	0
46 Eight studies by <i>Teniers</i>	0	13	6
47 Four by Mr. <i>Rysbrack</i>	2	6	0
48 Sixteen of horses by <i>Wyck</i>	0	12	0
49 Six by Mr. <i>Rysbrack</i>	1	16	0
50 Four by <i>Verbrugen</i>	0	3	6
51 Five of stonehenge, by <i>Wood</i>	1	10	0

BOOKS OF PRINTS.

52 Erecting of the Obelisk of the Vatican, by <i>Fontana</i> ..	0	8	0
53 Perspective, by <i>Niceron</i>	0	5	0
54 Ditto from Pozzo, by Mr. <i>James</i>	0	19	6
55 Templi Vaticani Historia	0	5	0
56 Plans and Elevations des Maisons, &c.	0	16	0
57 <i>Alberti's</i> Architecture	0	13	0
58 <i>Inigo Jones's</i> Designs, by Mr. <i>Kent</i>	5	12	6
59 The British Architect, by <i>Swan</i>	0	14	6
60 One of Landscapes, &c. by <i>Claude Lorraine</i>	3	4	0
61 <i>Decker's</i> Architecture Civilis	1	12	0

PRINTS.

62 Two by <i>Rubens</i>	0	8	6
63 Two by ditto	0	8	6
64 Nine etchings by <i>Guido</i>	2	14	0
65 Seven by ditto	2	1	0
66 Fourteen of cattle by <i>Della Bella</i> , with landscapes drawn by himself	1	3	0
67 The last judgment, by <i>Mich. Angelo</i>	0	8	0
68 Two large etchings by <i>Breenberg</i>	0	15	6
69 Eight by <i>Parmegiano</i> , &c.	2	3	0
70 Seven by <i>Julio Romano</i> , <i>Stephanus</i> , &c.	1	18	0
71 Two by <i>Albert Durer</i>	0	8	0
72 Five etchings by <i>Corregio</i> , <i>P. del Vago</i> , &c.	1	10	0
73 Six by <i>Ann. Carraci</i>	1	12	0
74 Seven etchings by <i>Parmegiano</i>	1	2	0
75 Five ditto by <i>Guido</i>	2	4	0
76 Four by <i>Corregio</i> , <i>P. Veronese</i> , &c.	1	9	0
77 Seven etchings by <i>Guido Bouchardon</i> , &c.	1	16	0
78 Eight ditto by <i>Guido Procacino</i>	3	13	0
79 Five by <i>Raphael</i> , &c.	1	13	0
80 Three mezzotintos by <i>Smith</i> , the crucifixion after <i>Vandyck</i> , the Duke of <i>Schomberg</i> , &c.	3	10	0
81 Seven by <i>Marc Antonio</i> , &c.	1	14	0
82 Three by <i>Marc Antonio</i> , the judgment of <i>Mich. Angelo</i> , &c.	2	4	0
83 Eight by ditto	2	11	6
84 Four etchings by <i>Parmegiano</i>	5	15	6

THIRD NIGHT'S SALE, Friday, Feb. 17.

PRINTS.

LOT	£.	s.	d.
1 Eleven of monuments, &c. by <i>Gravelot</i>	0	3	6
2 Eighteen of lions, &c. by <i>Rubens</i>	0	9	6
3 Twenty-four of cattle, by <i>Stoop</i>	1	1	0
4 Fifteen by <i>Chardin</i> , &c.	0	10	0
5 Six by <i>P. da Cortona</i> , &c.	0	5	6
6 Eight after <i>Salvator</i> , by <i>Goupy</i>	0	19	0
7 Five by <i>Guido</i>	1	2	0
8 Seven by <i>Julio Romano</i> , &c.	1	2	0
9 Twelve wood cuts by <i>Parmegiano</i>	1	2	0
10 Forty-nine by various masters	0	8	0
11 Five by <i>Bouchardon</i>	0	8	6
12 Seven from <i>Crozat's</i> cabinet	1	5	0
13 Seven ditto	0	16	0
14 Four ditto	0	13	0
15 Two etchings by <i>Guido</i> and <i>Carracci</i>	0	13	6
16 Eight etchings by <i>P. Farinati Vigne</i>	3	14	0
17 Nine ditto by <i>Guido Della Bella</i> , &c.	2	13	0
18 Ten by <i>Corregio</i> , <i>Titian</i> , <i>And. Sacchi</i> , &c.	1	3	0
19 Three by <i>Guido</i> and <i>Volterrano</i>	0	10	6
20 Four by <i>Bourdon</i>	0	19	0
21 Three by <i>Poussin</i> , <i>Domenichino</i> , &c.	0	10	6
22 Ten etchings by <i>Parmegiano</i> , <i>P. Veronese</i> , &c.	1	6	0
23 Thirteen after <i>Rubens</i> , <i>Della Bella</i> , &c. by <i>Hollar</i> ..	1	7	0
24 Eight heads by <i>Vandyck</i>	0	18	6
25 Eight ditto	1	1	0
26 Eight ditto, by <i>Vanden Enden</i>	1	1	0
27 Eight ditto, by ditto	0	17	0
28 Nine by <i>P. da Cortona</i> , <i>Ciro Ferri</i> , &c.	1	0	0
29 Two by <i>Rubens</i>	0	12	6
30 Two by ditto	0	8	6

DRAWINGS.

31 Twenty-two of chimnies, &c.	0	5	6
32 Six ditto	0	10	6
33 Seven ditto	0	7	0
34 Twelve ditto	0	5	0
35 Six ditto	0	15	6
36 Six ditto	0	12	6
37 Ten of monuments	0	7	6
38 Six of ditto	0	11	6
39 Eight of ditto	0	9	0
40 Nine of ditto	0	6	0
41 Eleven of ditto	0	4	6
42 Eight trophies by <i>Polydore</i>	0	9	0

LOT	£.	s.	d.
43 Six by Mr. Rysbrack	1	8	0
44 Four by ditto	1	15	0
45 Three by ditto	1	17	0
46 Four by ditto	2	2	0
47 Four by Teniers	1	15	0
48 Two by Gravelot	1	1	0
49 Three by D. Marco Tuschcz	1	1	0
50 Three by Vandyck, &c.	0	8	6

BOOKS OF PRINTS.

51 Two by Parmegiano, and <i>Le Brun's</i> Drawing Book ..	1	12	0
52 Portraits of Painters, Sculptors, &c. by <i>Meyssens</i>	0	13	6
53 Reinst Signorum Veterum Icones	1	18	0
54 Hesperides, sive Malorum Cultura, &c.	0	10	6
55 <i>Gibbes's</i> Architecture, and Designs of Building, &c. ..	2	3	0
56 <i>Raphael's</i> Bible, by <i>Chapron</i>	1	3	0
57 Heads from the Cartoons, and the Planets from <i>Raphael</i>	0	13	0
58 Antiquities of <i>Canterbury Cathedral</i>	1	1	0
59 <i>Dart's</i> Antiquities of <i>Westminster Abbey</i> . 2 vols.	3	4	0
60 Studio d'Architettura Civilis	2	10	0

PRINTS.

61 Two by <i>Rubens</i>	0	7	0
62 Two by ditto	0	8	0
63 Four by <i>Poussin</i>	0	12	6
64 Seven etchings by <i>Guercino</i> , <i>Bat. Franco</i> , &c.	2	2	0
65 Fourteen by <i>G. Mantuanus</i>	2	2	0
66 Five by <i>Parmegiano</i> , <i>Raphael</i> , &c.	1	15	0
67 Seven etchings by <i>Carracci</i> , &c.	2	18	0
68 Six etchings by <i>Guido</i> and <i>Sirani</i>	2	12	0
69 Fourteen by <i>Callot</i>	0	9	0
70 Nine by <i>Parmegiano</i>	1	2	0
71 Six etchings by <i>Guido</i> , &c.	1	2	0
72 Six ditto by <i>Parmegiano</i>	1	0	0
73 One by <i>Corregio</i>	0	11	0
74 Three by <i>Guido</i> (one a proof print)	4	14	6
75 Five etchings by <i>Guido</i>	3	4	0
76 Six ditto by <i>Ann. Carracci</i>	0	17	6
77 Seven ditto by <i>Guido</i> , <i>P. Veronese</i> , &c.	2	5	0
78 Four by <i>P. Veronese</i> , <i>Julio Romano</i> , &c.	2	7	0
79 Four by	2	0	0
80 Seven by <i>Marc Antonio</i> , &c.	3	5	0
81 Five ditto	2	2	0
82 Four ditto	3	15	0

FOURTH NIGHT'S SALE, Saturday, Feb. 18.

PRINTS.

LOT		£.	s.	d.
1	Twenty-eight etchings by <i>P. Potter</i>	1	10	0
2	Five by <i>Guercino</i> , &c.	0	16	0
3	Eight etchings by <i>Guido</i> , &c.	2	3	0
4	Five of the ceiling of <i>Seaux</i> , by <i>Le Brun</i>	0	9	0
5	Four by <i>Guido</i> , <i>N. Poussin</i> , &c.	0	8	6
6	Three by <i>Raphael</i> , <i>Lanfranc</i> , &c.	0	19	0
7	Nineteen by <i>Lud. Carracci</i> , &c.	0	11	0
8	Seven heads by <i>Nanteuil</i>	1	6	0
9	Eleven heads by <i>Vandyck</i>	0	18	0
10	Eight ditto	0	12	6
11	Eight ditto	1	1	0
12	Seven by <i>Ann. Carracci</i> , &c.	1	6	0
13	Eight by <i>P. da Cortona</i> , &c.	0	15	6
14	Six by <i>M. Angelo da Carravaggio</i> , <i>Fatti</i> , &c.	1	2	0
15	Six by <i>Giulio Romano</i>	0	11	0
16	Five by <i>P. Veronese</i>	1	1	0
17	Four by <i>Ann. Carracci</i>	1	7	0
18	Eight heads by <i>Nanteuil</i> , &c.	0	11	0
19	Seven heads by <i>Edelinck</i> , &c.	0	15	0
20	Six heads after <i>Vandyck</i> , by <i>Martin Vanden Enden</i> ..	1	6	0
21	Six ditto	0	17	0
22	Three by <i>Rubens</i> and <i>Vandyck</i>	0	10	0
23	Three by <i>Vandyck</i>	0	18	6
24	Two by <i>Rubens</i>	0	12	0
25	Four by <i>Barroccio</i> , &c.	1	7	0
26	Two by <i>Correggio</i>	1	7	0
27	Eighteen by <i>Guercino</i>	5	2	6
28	The seven acts of charity, by <i>Bourdon</i>	1	11	0
29	Three by <i>Guido</i>	1	13	0
30	Five by <i>P. da Cortona</i>	1	14	0

DRAWINGS.

31	Seven designs for chimney pieces	0	8	0
32	Twenty-eight ditto for monuments	0	16	0
33	Eleven for ditto studies	0	10	0
34	Ten of vases	0	10	0
35	Fourteen designs for chimney pieces	0	4	6
36	Ten ditto	0	7	0
37	Six of monuments	0	7	0
38	Five ditto	0	8	0
39	Eight ditto	0	5	6
40	Six ditto	0	10	0
41	Twelve of monuments	0	8	0
42	Nine by various masters	0	16	6

LOT	£.	s.	d.
43 Four by Mr. <i>Rysbrack</i>	0	19	0
44 Five by <i>ditto</i>	2	2	0
45 Three by <i>ditto</i>	2	7	0
46 Six heads by Mr. <i>Worldidge</i>	0	15	6
47 Four by Mr. <i>Rybrack</i>	2	3	0
48 Four heads by <i>Rubens</i> , Mr. <i>Rysbrack</i> , &c.	1	8	0
49 Four by <i>B. Peeters</i> , &c.	1	13	0
50 Three by <i>Andrea del Sarto</i> , &c.	1	17	0
51 One of the death of St. <i>Sebastian</i> , framed and glazed.	1	7	0

BOOKS OF PRINTS.

52 Two, <i>Testelin's Sentiments of the Painters</i> , and a Book of Ornaments, by <i>Angelo Rossi</i>	0	15	6
53 Two, one from <i>Raphael</i> , by <i>Bartoli</i> , and antique Statues and Busts in France	0	10	6
54 Statues and Designs by <i>Mich. Angelo</i> , <i>Bandinelli</i> , &c.	0	13	0
55 Works of <i>Salvator Rosa</i>	2	3	0
56 Ancient and Modern Ornaments, by <i>Le Pautre</i> , &c. ..	0	11	6
57 Monuments, Altars, &c. by <i>Le Pautre</i>	0	16	0
58 <i>Perrier's Statues</i>	2	12	6
59 <i>Medailles de Louis XV.</i>	0	8	0
60 <i>Causei Gemme antiche</i>	1	7	0
61 Prints by <i>Domenichino</i> , <i>Cortona</i> , and <i>Thornhill</i>	2	6	0

PRINTS.

62 Five by <i>Tintoret</i> , &c.	1	10	0
63 Two by <i>Edelinck</i> , &c.	0	11	0
64 Three by <i>Ann. Carracci</i>	0	15	0
65 Five etchings by <i>Guido</i>	1	2	0
66 Five by <i>Parmegiano</i> , &c.	1	16	0
67 Two by <i>Ann. Carracci</i>	0	16	6
68 Three by <i>ditto</i>	1	19	0
69 Three by <i>Raphael</i> , the transfiguration, &c.	1	5	0
70 One, the triumph of <i>Bacchus</i> , by <i>Giulio Romano</i>	0	15	0
71 One, the card players, by <i>Corn. de Vos</i>	3	7	0
72 One, the treaty of <i>Munster</i> , by <i>Suyderhoef</i>	0	17	0
73 Four by <i>P. Veronese</i>	3	3	0
74 Two etchings by <i>Ann. Carracci</i>	1	6	0
75 Three ditto by <i>Guido</i>	1	8	0
76 Four by <i>Marc Antonio</i> , the pest, &c.	2	17	0
77 Three by <i>ditto</i>	2	4	0
78 Six by <i>ditto</i> and others	3	5	0
79 Four by <i>G. Mantuanus</i>	1	17	0
80 Three by <i>Marc Antonio</i>	3	1	0

(To be continued.)

OF JEWS IN ENGLAND.

"Hath not a Jew eyes; hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed with the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?"

SHAKESPEARE.

NEHEMIAH ranks among the great characters of ancient history. He forsook a place of influence at the most splendid court of Asia to encounter every hardship, for the benevolent purpose of bestowing independence upon a horde of poor, ignorant, and wretched slaves, and of transforming them by religious and civil culture into a moral, brave, and industrious nation—and he succeeded. Before Nehemiah, the Jews were addicted to idolatry, and untaught as to an hereafter. By the wise selection of traditions and laws which his institutions impressed upon the people, they became zealous monotheists, austere moral, and brave defenders of their independence, without acquiring the spirit of conquest. Yet they neglected not the arts of peace. They covered the rocks of Galilee with olive trees; and pursued commerce with so great success, that to Alexander it already appeared an object of policy to court the settlement of Jewish colonies in his sea-ports. They multiplied rapidly in all places. In the time of Tiberius, much of the commerce of the Mediterranean was in their hands. They had synagogues every where, which they tolerantly suffered to become schools of Christianity. Even under Vespasian, Jerusalem was still maintaining, against Roman tyranny, a noble but unequal struggle for its religious and civil liberties.

How soon any Jews settled in Great Britain is unknown; but from the spread of Christianity among the Britons, previously to its establishment under Constantine, it is reasonable to infer that there had long been synagogues* here, to serve as *stubs of propagation* for the new faith. The inroads of the Saxons and Danes obliterated much of the imperfect conversion of the native inhabitants. At this period,

* From the preface to Leland's Collections, it appears that Mr. Richard Waller believed the Jews to have been settled in England during the supremacy of the Romans; the ground of his conjecture being this:—"Above seventy years ago, there was found at London, in Mark Lane, a Roman brick, having on one side a bas-relief, representing Samson driving the foxes into a field of corn; which brick was the key of an arched vault, discovered at the same time, full of burnt corn; and from the elegance of the sculpture and other criteria, it was inferred that this brick could be no work of latter ages, and if of Romans, of Roman Jews, from its subject.

the Jews, with singular liberality, patronized the civilization of these barbarous heathens by endowing Christian monasteries. In a charter of Witglaff, King of Mercia, made to the monks of Croyland, we find confirmed to them not only such lands as had at any time been given to the monastery by the kings of Mercia, but also all their possessions whatever, whether they were originally bestowed on them by Christians or Jews. *Omnes terras et tenementa, possessiones et eorum peculia, quæ reges Merciorum et eorum proceres, vel alii fideles Christiani, vel Judæi, dictis monachis dederunt.* Nearly a hundred years earlier, the Jews must have been numerous in England, since the 146th paragraph of the Canonical Excerptions, published by Eggbright, Archbishop of York, in 740, forbids any Christians to be present at the Jewish feasts.

Indeed, during the feudal ages, the Jews seem to have been the most opulent, polished, and literate portion of the laity. They were the only bankers, or, as the vulgar termed them, *usurers* of the time. They conducted what there existed of foreign trade, and often visited the civilized south of Europe. They wrought most of the gold and silver ornaments for altars. William Rufus, who (as Tovey says) "was no better than an infidel," not only permitted, but encouraged them to enter into solemn contests with his bishops concerning the true faith; swearing by the face of Saint Luke, that, if the Jews got the better in the dispute, he would turn Jew himself. Accordingly, in his time there was a public meeting of the chief leaders on both sides in London, when the Jews opposed the Christians with so much vigour, that the bishops and clergy were not without some solicitude how the disputations might terminate. No other class of men was at that period enlightened enough to cope with the priesthood. Some young Jews were so imprudent as even to value themselves upon their infidelity. The son of one Mossey, of Wallingford, to laugh at the votaries of Saint Frideswide, would sometimes crook his fingers, and then pretend he had miraculously made them straight again; at other times he would halt like a cripple, and then in a few minutes skip and dance about, bidding the crowd observe how suddenly he had cured himself.

Henry II., in the twenty-fourth year of his reign, granted a burial-place to the Jews on the outside of every city where they dwelt; proof they were numerous and respected. In this reign, one Joshua, a Jew, furnished the rebels in Ireland with great sums of money. And one Sancto, of Bury St. Edmunds, took in pledge certain vessels appointed for the service of the altar. Others were grown so presumptuous as

even to scoff at and ridicule the highest dignitaries of the church. We may in part owe to them the spirit which dictated the constitutions of Clarendon. In 1188, the parliament at Northampton proposed to assess the Jews at sixty thousand pounds, and the Christians at seventy thousand, toward a projected war. The Jews must have been very rich or the parliament very tyrannical.

Under Richard I. the prejudices of the populace were let loose against the Jews. A crusade had been resolved. The declamations of the clergy in favour of this holy war stirred up the intolerance of the vulgar. In London, a riotous populace broke open and plundered the houses of the Jews. Three persons only were punished, who by mistake had injured the houses of Christians. In six months the flame became general. The most formidable explosion happened at Stamford Fair, which had drawn together great multitudes of people, and among them whole troops of *roaming saints*, who were preparing to go with the king to the Holy Land. These zealous men, disdaining that the enemies of Christ should abound in wealth, while they, who were his most attached friends, were obliged to strip their wives and children of common necessities to supply the charges of the voyage, persuaded themselves that God would be highly honoured, if they should first cut the throats of the Jews, and then seize upon their money; so ready are men to believe what tends to their worldly advantage. Accordingly they flew upon them, and, finding very little resistance from an oppressed and spiritless enemy, quickly made themselves masters both of their persons and fortunes; the former of which they treated with all kinds of barbarity. Some few of them, indeed, were so fortunate as to obtain shelter in the castle; whither, as they fled without their riches, the source of all their misery, they were not earnestly pursued. And as these devout pilgrims pretended to do all this for the advancement of God's glory, to prove they were in earnest, they took shipping as fast as they could and fled away for Jerusalem, not so much as one of them being detained by the magistrates, or any further inquiry made by the king into such a sanctified piece of villany. From the numbers collected at this, an inland fair, it would appear that the principal portion of the internal trade was conducted by the Jews. They had probably, too, bestowed ere this upon commerce the important improvement of inventing *bills of exchange*, as mention seems to be made of them, by the name of *Starra* (from the Hebrew *Shetar*), in certain Latin documents of this era. The Jews were still admitted to the liberal professions, as the cruel edict of Richard I., for registering their property, orders that their "contracts

should be made in the presence of two assigned *lawyers who were Jews*, two who were Christians, and two public notaries." This king appointed *justicers of the Jews*, whose office it was to collect and pay into the exchequer the taxes assessed upon that unfortunate sect. Benedict de Tolemunt and Joseph Aaron were the two first of these justicers.

The intolerant policy of Richard I. occasioned the emigration of all the wealthier Jews, and a consequent defalcation of the revenue, which was so sensibly felt, that John, in 1199, used several arts to draw them back into his kingdom, not only confirming their ancient but offering new privileges, among which was the power to name a high priest, by the title of *Presbyter Judæorum*. Many Jews upon this returned, and were afterwards more cruelly plundered than before. Our great charter sanctions an injustice to the Jews, by enacting that, "If any persons have borrowed money of the Jews, more or less, and die before they have paid the debt, the debt shall not grow whilst the heir is under age," &c.

Henry III. liberated such Jews as were in prison, ordered them to be protected against the insults of Jerusalem pilgrims, and to wear upon the fore part of their upper garment two broad stripes of white linen, or parchment. In this reign Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Hugo de Velles, Bishop of Lincoln (in hopes to drive them away by want of sustenance) published injunctions throughout their respective diocesses, that no Christian should presume to have communication with, or sell them any provision, under pain of excommunication. And the same seems to have been done by the Bishop of Norwich. Persons unacquainted with the nature of false zeal, (continues Tovey, p. 83.) when backed by authority, will scarcely believe that the Jews were in any imminent danger of starving, even though the king had not interposed in the matter; yet Rapin tells us, that when the Gerhardine heretics made their appearance in the time of Henry II., and orders were given not to relieve them, the prohibition was so punctually observed, that all those unfortunate wretches perished miserably from hunger.

Be it remembered, however, that the prior of Dunstable granted free permission, much about this time, to several Jews to reside within his lordship, and to enjoy all the privileges to be derived from it, in consideration of the annual payment of two silver spoons.

During the sunshine of the king's favour (in 1230) the Jews erected a very stately synagogue, in London, which surpassed in magnificence the Christian churches. But the people petitioned the king to take it

from them and have it consecrated, which accordingly he complied with. In the eighteenth year of his reign, upon the petition of the inhabitants of Newcastle, he granted them the inhospitable privilege that no Jew should ever reside among them. This prince was not free from the confiscatory policy so common in the dark ages, but frequently pillaged the Jews: his necessities, however, would have continued to tolerate them had not the pope sent over the Coursine Christians and *Lombards*, who were gradually to supersede the ancient practitioners of usury, by conducting it in a manner not disapproved by the church. To such a pitch of hatred was the prejudice, which had been gradually instilled into the people against the Jews, arrived during this reign, that in 1262, when the king, refusing to stand to the agreement lately made with his barons at Oxford, withdrew into the Tower, and threatened the Londoners for taking part with his enemies; the barons suddenly entered London with great forces, and (to keep the citizens more strongly in their interest) gratified them *with the slaughter of seven hundred Jews at once*, whose houses they first plundered and then burnt their new synagogue to the ground. It was however rebuilt, but in 1270 taken from them, upon complaint of the friars penitents, that they were not able to make the body of Christ in quiet, for the great howlings the Jews made there during their worship.

In the third year of Edward I. a law passed the commons concerning Judaism, which seemed to promise a qualified security; notwithstanding which, in the year 1290, and the eighteenth of his reign, the king seized upon all their real estates, and the whole community was for ever banished the kingdom. Yet no sooner (adds the historian) was the inventory made, and every thing sold to the best bidder, than the whole produce was unaccountably squandered away, without one penny being ever set aside for those pious purposes which the king had talked of. From fifteen to sixteen thousand Jews were thus ruined and then expelled. During the preceding century, they must constantly have been in a state of rapid and progressive diminution; neither is it probable that the more respectable portion of them should have put so much confidence in edicts of recall, thus frequently and perfidiously revoked, as to have been found settled in England. Yet even these left behind them several valuable libraries, one particularly at Stamford, and another at Oxford, which last being purchased among the scholars, most of the Hebrew books were bought by the famous Roger Bacon, who, by a short note written in one of them, declared they were of great service to him in his studies. This

expulsion was so complete, that no further traces of English Jews occur until long after the Reformation.

It was reserved for the generous policy of Oliver Cromwell to attempt restoring to Great Britain the industry and wealth of the Jews. During ages of unrelenting persecutions they had, however, lost many of the virtues of their early character. Oppression had imprinted an air of meanness, of servile timidity, upon their demeanour. The undistinguishing contempt of men who ought to have treated them as equals had lessened the importance, and therefore the frequency of respectable character among them. This inferior degree of delicacy in points of reputation, occasioned their being employed in usurious and other illegal transactions, and these practices kept alive the prejudices of the magistrate. Scarcely allowed a home, they contracted the habit of all itinerant pedlars, who, never expecting to see the same customer twice, have nothing to apprehend from making an exorbitant profit upon each single transaction. Schools, synagogues, and other institutions of public instruction, were so unwillingly allotted them, and their appearance in Christian schools so shamefully resisted, that they were sunk into a degree of ignorance which increased to themselves and others the difficulty of bettering their condition.

The first intercourse between Cromwell and the Jews was managed by means of one Henry Marten, upon whose intimations a deputation from the Jews at Amsterdam waited on the English ambassador there, whom they entertained with concerts of music in their synagogue, and by means of whom they obtained permission from the *instrument parliament** to send a public envoy with proposals. After some deliberation, they fixed upon Manasseh Ben Israel,† a divine and doctor of physic, as he styled himself, in reality a printer and bookseller, and of whom Huet tells us, that he was a chief ruler of the synagogue, and married to a wife who was related to the family of the Abrabanel,

* The leaders of the Independents held a convention at St. Albans, on the 16th of November, 1647, at which Fairfax presided, and they drew up a plan of constitution, consonant with their republican notions, which they published under the title of *The Agreement of the People*. This constitution was afterwards realized. The nation having been called upon to choose a legislature, conformably to its provisions by that proclamation of Cromwell's, known by the name of *The Instrument of Government*, the first parliament which met under this proclamation is called the *instrument parliament*. The convention, vulgarly called *barebones parliament*, appears to have been a second meeting of those who assembled at St. Albans.

† Manasseh's pamphlet on this occasion has been preserved in the Phoenix; a long catalogue of his writings is annexed to it.

which pretends to be of the tribe of Judah and of the house of David, by which wife having several children, he would sometimes boast of having raised up seed unto David. He was a man of great modesty and moderation, a perfect master of the letter of Scripture, and very little addicted to the mystical superstitions of the Cabbala. He was much acquainted with the younger Vossius, with Blondel, and with Bochart. The professor Gaspar Barlcæus addressed to him the following lines :

Si sapimus diversa, Deo vivamus amici,
 Doctaque mens pretio constet ubique suo.
 Hæc fidei vox summa mea est ; hoc crede Menasse ;
 Sic ego Christiades, sic eris Abramides.

This Manasseh, on his arrival in England, presented an address to the Lord Protector, recognising his authority and soliciting his protection ; “ For our people,” says he, “ did in their own minds presage, that the kingly government being now changed into that of a commonwealth, the ancient hatred towards them would also be changed into good will ; that those rigorous laws, if any there be yet extant, made under the kings, against so innocent a people, would happily be repealed.” He also presented, printed, and dispersed, a declaration to the commonwealth and a treatise, containing several arguments in favour of toleration, addressed to the justice of the principled, to the prudence of the reflecting, and to the prejudices of the multitude.* On the 4th of December, 1655, Cromwell summoned a convention, meeting, or privy council, consisting of two lawyers, seven citizens, and fourteen noted preachers, to consult upon this request of the Jews. Among the latter, Mr. Godwin and Mr. Peters, (whose works were burnt at the time of the Restoration along with those of Milton,) and Mr. Aye, (of celebrated beard) particularly exerted themselves in favour of putting the Jews on the same footing with other sects. So many symptoms of prejudice and intolerance escaped from others, that, after a conference of four days, Cromwell began to think the measure would not be introduced to the people from the pulpits in a manner to assist its popularity, and therefore dismissed the meeting, saying, they had rendered the matter to him *more doubtful* than it was before. On the 1st of April, he took leave of Manasseh by a polite but evasive answer. Whilst this affair was

* The notorious pamphlet in favour of sabbathizing, declared by the votes of the house, in March, 1649, to be erroneous, scandalous, and profane, does not appear to have had the slightest connection with the views of Manasseh and his employers.

pending, the rabbi Jacob Ben Azabel professed to entertain suspicions that Cromwell was the expected Messiah, an opinion propagated, no doubt, for the purpose of attracting a vast concourse of the lower classes of Jews into England in case the political equality for which Manasseh petitioned could have been obtained. Some few must, from this period, have settled in London by connivance, since, in 1663, their register of births contained twelve names; and during the whole reign of Charles II., who introduced the sale of patents of denization, their numbers increased.

In 1684, James the Second (who lost the affections of the bigotted people, as much by his disposition to tolerate both Catholics and Dissenters, as by his political intolerance to the adherents of Monmouth) remitted the alien duty upon all goods exported, in favour of the Jews. This was universally resented by the English merchants, who were apprehensive that the same duties would be also remitted upon all imported goods. Petitions from the Hamburgh company, from the East Land company, from fifty-seven of the leading merchants in the city, from the west, and from the north, were offered to the king against this equitable regulation. These illiberal beings were glad, under any pretext, to defraud some of their neighbours of the privilege to trade upon the same terms with themselves, remembering the homely proverb, "the fewer the better cheer," they were naturally very glad to see the number of candidates lessened, for the advantages they were themselves striving to obtain. After the revolution, this order was superseded, to the great joy of the Christian merchants.

In the first year of Queen Anne, a detestable statute was passed, to encourage the conversion of young Jews, by emancipating such converts from all dependance upon their parents. In the sixth year of George II. *reasons* were offered to the Lord Mayor and court of aldermen, for applying to parliament for the suppression of Jew brokers. No public proceeding however ensued: equity for once overpowered sordid selfishness: it seemed the dawn of rising liberality; but, like the twilight of a winter's morn within the arctic circle, was to be succeeded by no effectual sunshine.

The church of England, jealous from its infancy, had obtained, in the seventh year of James I. an act, which prevented all persons from being naturalized, unless they received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to its own peculiar and exceptionable mode of commemoration. This act effectually excluded the Jews from being naturalized; till, in the year 1753, a bill was brought into the house of lords, and passed there without opposition, which provided that all

persons professing the Jewish religion, who have resided in Great Britain or Ireland for three years, without being absent more than three months at one time during that space, may, upon application for that purpose, be naturalized by parliament, without receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. But all persons professing the Jewish religion, are, by this act, disabled from purchasing, or inheriting, any advowson, right of patronage, &c. to any benefice or ecclesiastical promotion, school, hospital, or donative whatsoever. On the 16th of April, this bill was sent down to the house of commons, ordered to be printed, and on the 7th of May read a second time, when a motion was made for its commitment. Lord Barrington, Lord Duplin, Robert Nugent, esq. and Henry Pelham, esq. were among its most eloquent advocates; Lord Egmont, Sir Edmund Isham, among its more zealous opponents. The bill was supported by the petitions of a few merchants, chiefly dissidents, and countenanced by the ministry, who argued,

That it would increase the numbers and wealth of the people, upon which depend the national strength, the ability to encounter future difficulties, and achieve useful undertakings—and by which posterity would estimate the wisdom and utility of our frame of government. That, by receiving the Jews into our community, and admitting them to a participation of our civil rights, they would contract a warm attachment to our constitution and country, and gladly divide with us the public burdens. That a great portion of the funds belonging to foreign Jews, it was our obvious interest to induce them to follow their property, and to expend here an income which was yearly exported to a clear loss. That, connected as the Jews were with the great bankers, and monied interest of Europe, their residence here would, in future wars, give us a great command of capital, and facilitate our loans. That even their prejudices, as a sect, would operate in our favour, and occasion our manufactures to be dispersed among the multitudinous Jew-shopkeepers in Europe, who now recurred to the Jew-merchants of Holland, and the other tolerant countries. That Poland had never risen to so high a pitch of civil, literary, and commercial distinction, as when her policy was most liberal toward Socinians and Jews; and that the sect, itself, had always abandoned its offensive prejudices in proportion to its good usage.

On the other side, it was urged, that, born as we are to privileges and exclusive rights, we did not, by this bill, sell our birth-right, like Esau, for any consideration however inadequate; but foolishly gave it away. That if the Jews, about to be naturalized, belonged to the numerous classes, we should import vagrants and cheats to burden our

rates, or supplant the industry of our less parsimonious poor—if to the wealthy classes, who cannot procure a settlement elsewhere, they would become the highest bidders for our landed estates, dispossess the Christian owners, attract around them their butchers, bakers, and poulterers, (for they can eat nothing of our killing), and, in course of time, would endanger our religion itself. That the rites of the Jews will for ever resist their incorporation with other nations, for any common purposes; while their early marriages and frequent divorces promote so rapid an increase of their numbers, that they might become, like the bitch in the kennel, too strong for their hospitable patrons. That it had a tendency to embroil us with foreign powers; for instance, we must reclaim as a British subject any Portuguese Jew who should come over to be naturalized, and by indiscretions, expose himself to the inquisition. That the Jews were not given to manufactures, and, if they should open shops, would interfere with the profits and maintenance of Christians; for the number of shops being adequate to the consumption, could only be increased with injury to those already established. That Jewish nationality would intrigue all the trade into the hands of that people: that they were enemies upon principle to all Christians: and that it was flying in the face of the Almighty to gather together a sect, of which the Bible foretold the dispersion.

The trumpet of alarm was first sounded by the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council of the city of London, who, in a petition to parliament, expressed their apprehension, that the bill, if passed into a law, would tend greatly to the dishonour of the Christian religion, and endanger the constitution.

The Earl of Egmont became their mouth-piece; who, in an artful speech, countenanced and inflamed the ungenerous bigotry of the multitude. The English have always enjoyed a cry of alarm, when there is no danger; because it enhances, for a time, the personal importance of each individual. It flatters his love of consequence to be called upon to stand up for his church and his king, when he is not likely to be exposed to the ruffle of contest, or humiliation of defeat. Accordingly, a zeal, the most furious, vociferated in the pulpits and corporations against the bill, and, by the next session of parliament, instructions were sent to almost all the members to solicit a repeal of it.

The minister did not attempt to resist the torrent, but was among the foremost who spoke in favour of the repeal: he was answered, with much force of reasoning, and a truly liberal spirit, by Thomas Potter, esq. to whose speech a very elegant reply was made by Sir

George Littleton : and the Jew bill was repealed, by an act which received the royal assent the same session. Attempts too were made, but successfully opposed by Mr. Pelham and Mr. Pitt, to repeal so much of an act for naturalizing foreigners in America, as did not exclude Jews. Such was the spirit of intolerance which the parliamentary leaders of the people were not ashamed to foster. From that time, the legal condition of the Jews has, with but few trifling exceptions, remained unaltered. Attempts have been made but all have proved abortive, and it is necessary to observe, that the lower class of the persuasion has, in the very recent instance when their condition was considered by the legislature, exhibited an apathy which is truly remarkable and unaccountable.

A sentiment of liberality is now universally spreading among the hitherto bigotted Englishmen, and it is said with pleasure that the people no longer view the Jews with rancour, or mistrust, or unbrotherly emotions. There can therefore scarcely remain any apprehension among thinking men, that the slightest popular odium would now be incurred by the legislature, if it repealed every law which encroaches upon this political equality of this hitherto ill-treated sect. It may not, however, have been amiss to bring within a small compass such particulars of the fortunes of this people in our island, as may help the cause when it shall again be submitted to the wisdom of our Reforming and Reformed Parliament.

L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

On the banks of the river Cluden, and at a short distance from Dumfries, are the beautiful ruins of the Abbey of Lincluden, which was founded in the time of Malcolm the Fourth, King of Scotland. The following address to them by the poet Burns has never, it is believed, been before published.

S. J.

Ye holy walls; that still sublime
 Resist the crumbling touch of time,
 How strongly still your form displays
 The piety of ancient days.
 As through your ruins, hoar and grey—
 Ruins, yet beauteous in decay—
 The silvery moon-beams trembling fly,
 The form of ages long gone by

Crowd thick on Fancy's wond'ring eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.
Ev'n now, as lost in thought profound,
I view the solemn scene around,
And pensive gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies;
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof, and arches wide,
That knit with curious tracery
Each Gothic ornament display;
The high arched windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there;
As on their slender forms I'd gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze;
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seeks in prayer the midnight fane.
And hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around?
'Tis the soft chaunted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong:
Till thence returned they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave with fond delay;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die:
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moon's beam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear;
Each worldly thought awhile forbear,
And mutter forth a half-formed prayer.
But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern gales;
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene's decayed.
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,

But, through the broken glass, the gale
 Blows chilly from the misty vale.
 The bird of eve flits sullen by,
 Her home, these aisles and arches high ;
 The choral hymn, that erst so clear
 Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
 Is drowned amid the mournful scream,
 That breaks the magic of my dream ;
 Roused by the sound, I start and see
 The ruined, sad reality.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO A WELL-KNOWN SPOT IN SURREY.

FAREWELL ! farewell ! enchanting shade,
 Much sought by me at ev'ning's hour,
 When Contemplation, silent maid,
 Sheds o'er the mind her soothing power ;
 Alone to thee I've often stray'd,
 And one sweet, secret, verdant bower,
 By Nature's hand in green array'd,
 My frequent midnight resting place have made.

But not alone I've wish'd to be ;
 In truth, I've linger'd there for one
 Who brought more bliss on earth to me
 Than all mine eye e'er gaz'd upon ;
 Hope ne'er again can bid me see,
 Whilst life's now tedious course shall run,
 A being of such purity,
 A mortal loving and belov'd as she.

From that retreat I've watch'd the way
 Of many a bright revolving star ;
 And oftentimes seen night decay
 Over the eastern hills afar,
 When morn has op'd the gates of day,
 For Phœbus in his golden car ;
 Who chasing night-nurs'd gloom away,
 Has warn'd me of my vain, yet pleasant stay.

Beneath thy shade I've often wept,
 To find all joys were fleeting things;
 And then, by grief o'ercome, have crept
 Where mournful Philomela sings.
 And have, perchance, a moment slept
 In fev'rish sleep, which languor brings:
 And o'er my brain while visions swept,
 O'er me her phantom'd image guard has kept.

And in my flick'ring dream, her head
 So near me bent, with seraph face,
 I've thought her breath had o'er me spread,
 And kiss'd her lips, of kindling grace,
 Which blessing me my name have said—
 The sound, though false, all sleep would chase;
 When starting from my grassy bed,
 I've heard the moaning night owl in her stead.

Dear shade! I ne'er shall feel again
 Such joys as 'neath thee I have met;
 My heart can ne'er forget its pain,
 Its sun of joy so soon is set.
 Still there are times when o'er my brain
 Thoughts of past hours will glide e'en yet;
 But Joy can never, never there remain,
 And Sorrow's darkling cup I to the dregs must drain.

J. H., Jun.

SIR RADULPH.

A BALLAD OF "THE OLDEN TIME."

"O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
 Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said."

LORD OF THE ISLES.

SIR RADULPH leaves his castle gate,
 His tread is swift and high;
 Around the wondering vassals wait,
 As he passes sternly by.

For five long years, in Palestine
The Moslem felt his brand ;
And many a crescent cloven fell
Before Sir Radulph's hand.

Upon his helm a glove was seen,—
By Edith 'twas bestow'd ;
And oft it wav'd in battle's front,
Where noblest life-blood flow'd.

But peace is made with Saladin—
The knight retrac'd his way,
And thoughts of *one* his bosom cheer'd,
And made his journey gay.

He sought her father's halls, and found
His love another's bride ;
A strolling serf had brought the news
That he in fight had died.

He turn'd away in anguish deep,
But mann'd his soul, and said,
" Mayst thou be happy, Edith, when
Thy Radulph's with the dead."

Sir Radulph sought his father's roof,
Around the vassals crowd ;
And eagerly they gaze, and hail
Their lord with transports loud.

He thanked them with his lips, the while
His heart was far away ;
And to the castle's chapel went,
And knelt him down to pray.

His prayer was never heard on earth,
'Twas register'd in heaven ;
'Tis hop'd Sir Radulph only pray'd
His sins might be forgiven.

'Tis hope alone—the night came on,—
The priest the vassals led,
Before the altar knelt their lord,
They rais'd him—cold and dead.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

The Prospects of the Nation in regard to its National Gallery; including a Reply to MR. WILKINS the Architect to the "Intended Buildings;" Observations on the proper application of Grecian Architecture; Remarks on the chief causes of failure in the modern practice of the Art, as exhibited in some of the RECENT PUBLIC STRUCTURES, and Suggestions for the Permanent Establishment of the FUTURE SEAT OF THE ARTS in Great Britain. By CHARLES PURSER, Architect. London: Cochrane and M'Crone; and Effingham Wilson.

IN the pamphlet now before us, we have a masterly exposition of the whole question between Mr. Wilkins and the public, in reference to the proposed plan of a National Gallery. In a space of seventy-six pages the comparative merits of Mr. Wilkins's Grecian portico and of the portico of St. Martin's Church are discussed with critical justice; and the impropriety of obscuring the latter is sufficiently manifested to convince every candid and unprejudiced mind. We are neither disposed to enter the ranks of hostility against Mr. Wilkins on personal grounds, nor to vacillate in our opinions, by reason of any estimation in which he may be regarded in select quarters. We know that prejudice is an enemy to reason and justice, and that a certain degree of popularity or patronage may sometimes be obtained without the possession of intrinsic merit. In this way it is that men are heightened in their own esteem, and, when prepossessed with their individual importance, are too frequently disposed to revile the opinions of others without any regard to liberality or truth. It is quite fashionable with people who have been foisted upon the public by noble patronage to affect contempt of public opinion. "The public are unlearned," says some distinguished *protégé*, "and unable to judge of the excellence of Grecian architecture; an academical education has not given them a command over the figures of speech, and being unable to express themselves classically, they cannot be considered to possess a sound judgment." Happily, however, for this country at the present time, there is no lack of talent nor of the powers of expression in those even who toil for their daily subsistence.

There is a vast deal more of propriety, and less of egotistical effrontery, in the expression of public opinion than is to be found in persons who presume to be the arbiters of public taste. Academicians must not presume upon their fancied acquirements, or imagine that their wild theories are to control the practical application of common sense. We remember the time when it was quite usual for fashionable glow worms, just imported from universities, to sneer at the opinions casually expressed by passengers in the streets of the metropolis, because they were not expressed with philological accuracy,—as if matter were always to be estimated by manner,—but that day is past, and we think that we may now congratulate the free, enlightened, public of England on the advance which it has made in literature, art, and science.

Let the experiment of obscuring St. Martin's Church by the erection of Mr. Wilkins's Gallery and his ten column Corinthian porticoes be tried, and we venture to predict that the public indignation would be so strongly manifested, as should make him and those who could have presumed to adopt his plans tremble for the consequences. We are not so cold and apathetic as to entertain *with indifference* the question of a National Gallery or no National Gallery, or a favourable or ineligible site for it; nor can we bring our minds to think that the very small matter of the effect which such a building would have upon any other edifice in a neighbourhood as being altogether unworthy of consideration. The very insignificant affair of expense, too, would claim some portion of our attention; if the situations proposed were equally eligible, and concurrent circumstances rendered such a consideration necessary; though we cannot but venture humbly to imagine that a hundred thousand pounds, or even doubt that sum, should not be considered too much for such an edifice as a National Gallery,—to exist for ages the glory of our country,—when a sum far exceeding that amount has been wantonly expended on a National Palace, which, after all, is a mere patch work of architecture, and disgraceful to behold. Buckingham Palace is only comparable to that *exquisite* piece of architectural design, called the Mansion House. It is a pity but they had been built side by side in the city of London, they would then have afforded an excellent opportunity to judge, by juxta-position, of the extravagant expenditure of money without proper control, and of the mean selfishness which actuated traders in earlier times in the choice of an architect: when the question was not—who was the most competent person to design a suitable edifice, but whether *Mister Palladio* was a citizen, and had taken up

his freedom in good time,—did he belong to this company or that company, &c. &c. At least the utility of patronage was consulted in the instance of the Mansion House, and if wealth were to be the standard of taste the city instance might exhibit the more favourable display. But in common charity let us consider that two buildings, pretty much on a par, though the overladen Indiaman in Mansion House Street is somewhat characteristic of the cause for blundering, and the wretched mass of absurdity and folly in St. James's Park affords no pretext or excuse, as being sanctioned by the profession of a more enlightened policy.

It is justly observed by Mr. Purser, in the pamphlet under review, that architecture has not been properly estimated.—We will quote his words. “ Its profession is considered not as an art but as a mystery of masonry, the common rudiments of which may be known by none but the fraternity! Noble exceptions have indeed formerly occurred, but we have few Lord Burlingtons in the present day! The members of our aristocracy, famed for their intelligence and accomplished taste in all the other polite arts, and possessing every qualification and means to raise and ennoble that of architecture, and adorn the country with its stately productions,—too often fail in the accomplishment of even their own patriotic intentions, though the unworthy consideration that this most noble art of all antiquity is rather a mere *business* than a liberal art; and being consequently beneath the attention of the great, is unfit to form a branch of elegant and ornamental education. Many of the most accomplished patrons of the arts, who would feel hurt at the slightest imputation on their taste, do not hesitate to avow their entire ignorance of architecture;—hence we find that there is not one of the arts in which patronage is more indiscriminately and unfairly bestowed, and which, notwithstanding its greater costliness, more completely fails in its practice!”

Equally judicious and forcible are the following passages:—

“ In painting, the general taste which prevails, and the power which the public possess of appreciating the labours of the artist, have not only exercised the most beneficial influence on the art, but raised its professors to a rank, for the most part in proportion to their merit. The architect labours under difficulties peculiar to his art; for while the materials of the painter are simple and inexpensive, and whilst he possesses every opportunity to exhibit and dispose of his productions,—the materials of the architect are costly, and there is no market for the sale of his works. He may indeed exhibit a drawing of his design; but, however great its merit as a work of architecture, he will

gain but little credit with the public beyond that of being a clever draftsman:—indeed, his very excellencies in this respect will operate to his prejudice, from the suspicion which has justly been excited by the modern practice of veiling architectural defects by the assistance of showy colouring. Should he himself possess the means of practically exercising his skill in this costly art, and volunteer a proof of his talent by the erection of his design, he will then assuredly be charged with discrediting a respectable profession and a liberal art, by combining with both the *trade* of building. However just the conviction of his powers, he cannot invite a patron by an assurance of his talents; but must patiently await the chance of an invitation to afford him an opportunity for their display.

Surrounded on all sides by insuperable difficulties like these; unappreciated by the public; and worse than neglected by the state; the name of Michael Angelo, in which Italy glories, and which all nations respect, had remained unknown:—he who raised high in air the proud dome of St. Peter's, and achieved so much fame for his country, and for the age in which he flourished, might, had he lived in our age and country, have wasted his gigantic powers in an ineffectual struggle against those obstacles which we have so unwisely set up as a barrier against the progress of architecture. Many a mind, replete with genius and taste, which, had it met with encouragement instead of opposition, would have done honour not only to the patron but to the age, has been suffered to pine in despair; whilst its gifted possessor, too late in discovering his error, has been left to mourn in silent bitterness the day when first he eagerly entered on a pursuit by which, from the example of other nations, he had promised himself glory; but which, in his own country, had consigned him to obscurity;—perhaps to ignominy and want! Let our distinguished patrons of the liberal arts no longer, then, deem the most valuable of them all unworthy of cultivation:—nor let our government continue to dishearten the public from a proper encouragement of architecture; but let it begin to employ whatever means may be placed at its disposal, in these times of peace, for the embellishment rather than the disfigurement of our country:—nay, seeking out that high talent which the profession is known and acknowledged to possess, let it exalt it as a guide to the public taste; and henceforth, despite of partiality and intrigue, let it patronize this truly national art for the exclusive benefit of the people!"

In reference to the former paragraph, we are inclined to consider the want of an exercise of beneficial influence by the public, with respect

to architecture, as entirely the fault of the professed patrons of the art. That architecture is a highly dignified branch of art must be obvious to every person possessed of mind: its existence in majestic ruins in after ages points back with noble pride to days of early greatness; whilst its silent majesty impresses the beholder with sentiments of awe and veneration. A religious enthusiasm is cast over the mind when we contemplate the ages that are past away, and the people who have been swept from the stage of existence: the architectural relics of antiquity are proofs of the weakness of the most mighty of the human race, who could not prolong their own existence to the duration of the edifices reared with frail and perishable materials by their own hands. In an historical point of view, architecture is invaluable; and it is the duty of every man who feels a just pride in the glory of his country, at least to contribute his support to an art calculated so powerfully to impress upon the minds of posterity an opinion of the age in which he lived. We are not disposed, at the present moment, to make any comparison between the merits of architecture and those of the other branches of art; as we consider all the liberal arts to be useful as well as ornamental to the present age. They are all calculated to promote in the public mind a pure and correct taste, and to advance the purposes of civilization by making man an improved and improving member of society. We reciprocate with the author of this excellently written pamphlet in the regret,—expressed in the latter paragraph, which we have quoted,—that many a mind, replete with genius and taste, “has been left to mourn in silent bitterness the day on which he entered on a pursuit by which, from the example of other nations, he had promised himself glory.” But the fault has been, that those who have possessed the means, have not excited the powers of emulation, by affording a fairer field of competition. A species of favouritism has too often engrossed the professed patrons of the art, and disgusted the public mind with the misplaced show of liberality, which has, alas! in many instances, notwithstanding all their boasting, proved little more than a veiled spectre leading unto death!

We pass on to the excellent critical remarks of our author on Mr. Wilkins's assertion, that “the portico of the London University is *universally* acknowledged to be the finest in London.” We agree with Mr. Purser that when Mr. Wilkins complains that the portico, in this country, is too often made an “*appliqué*” to the building, he forgets that he has fallen into the opposite, but much greater, error at the London University, by making his building an *appliqué* to his portico, “the all-engrossing size of which reduces to insignificance

the edifice to which it is attached; whilst the enormous flight of steps on which it is mounted renders it useless for all practical purposes, and appears to have led to its total abandonment;—thus tacitly admitting what has unluckily become too manifest, that, had the entrance been like *Mercutio's* wound, 'not quite so wide as a church door,' it would have sufficed, and prettily too, for all the purposes of the London University.'" It must be obvious to every one, that every part of a building should bear some reference to utility: and without wishing to depreciate the beauty of a well-constructed portico, we must not *blindly* follow the Grecian "example," since we know that the rites performed in a pagan temple bore no relation to the worship performed within a Christian church. The remarks of the author on this subject are appropriate. "In the Grecian temple the portico formed not only an integral part, but an approximately conspicuous feature. It was here that the altar was placed, from which the burning incense arose to heaven for the propitiation of the gods. It was here that the high-priest stood, with his uplifted sacrificial knife, ready to immolate his victim; and here he examined the imaginary signs of Divine wrath or favour; whilst the encircling throng bent in idolatrous reverence to the scene." Mr. Purser, after alluding to the use of a portico to protect from a shower, and to the want of utility or fitness in that of the London University, thus proceeds: "The portico of St. Martin's Church, however, with less pretension, has far higher claims to respect, both for its relative as well as its intrinsic beauties. The bold and elegant simplicity of its proportions,—the complete manner in which it performs the office it is intended to serve, as well as the just balance which it holds with the rest of the design,—are considerations of such high importance, that they fully entitle it to that tribute of praise, which, from the period of its erection to the present time, has been spontaneously rendered (to) it by every individual,—with the single exception of Mr. Wilkins. But throughout this noble structure there is a boldness and breadth of style which many of our more recent buildings want; and a propriety of character, which Mr. Wilkins himself had done well to have studied, ere he surmounted 'the finest Grecian portico in London' with an *Italian* cupola; or transported from Athens to Hyde Park Corner the Choric monument of *Thrasylus*, and stuck it—*wreaths and all*—against the front of a medical hospital."

We know not how Mr. Wilkins will get over this well-merited stricture. As *the arbiter of public taste*, it is somewhat strange that he should have committed so egregious a blunder; but patronage,

though it will oftentimes bear a man over many acts of folly or presumption, will not defeat arguments; and Mr. Wilkins will not find it easy for him to stand against so powerful an antagonist as Mr. Purser, whose hostility he has provoked by assuming more than good taste can justify, whatever may be his attainments. We recommend Mr. Wilkins to read a few of the lectures delivered by the Architectural Professor of the Royal Academy, in which he will find the importance of *character* in architectural design. In one of his lectures, alluded to in a note by Mr. Purser, Sir John Soane lays it down that "Such ornaments only should be used as tend to show the destination of the edifice;—as assist in determining its character; and for the choice of which the architect can assign satisfactory reasons." We can hardly imagine that Mr. Wilkins will deny that Sir John Soane is a good authority.

It is gratifying to our feelings to perceive the respect which the writer of this pamphlet pays to the father of his profession. We concur with him in the expression of our gratitude to Sir John Soane, for his munificent proposal to devote his splendid architectural gallery, with a suitable endowment, for national purposes. Such instances of generosity are of rare occurrence, and cannot be too highly appreciated.

We cannot but think that Mr. Purser has made out a good case for the establishment of the National Gallery in unison with the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. There certainly is no reason for their separation; and we think that he has satisfactorily shown that the most eligible situation for them would be THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Montague, or, Is this Religion? By CHARLES B. TAYLER, M. A.
London, Smith, Elder and Co. 1833.

THIS very elegant little volume is from the pen of a writer, whose reputation is far too well established to be either heightened or injured by any critical remarks. A work, bearing in its title-page the name of the author of "*May you like it*," needs no further introduction to the world than a mere announcement, to become popular. We shall, however, give our readers a brief outline of the story contained in these pages.

The hero of the tale, who bears the euphonious name of Augustine, is the son of Sir George and Lady Maria Montague—the former a

good-natured indolent baronet, and the latter the wealthy daughter of an eminent grocer, and who had, during a severe illness, been compelled to withdraw from the scenes of fashion in which she had been engaged, and led to become a professor of religion, or at least of that part of it which involved no change of heart. Lady Montague, therefore, was a violent, selfish, heartless formalist. To her hands was committed the earlier education of Augustine, and it was hardly to be expected that, under such circumstances, he would acquire much love for the religion (if it deserved the name) which his mother taught him. At a proper age, he was sent to Cambridge, and it is this part of the tale which in our opinion is the most graphic. The hero's gradual progress from morality to laxity, from thence to carelessness, and onwards to vice and extravagance, is admirably designed, as are the characters of his college companions. He becomes involved in debt to a heavy amount,—an amount which he is himself at first ignorant of, but which when known he has not sufficient resolution to communicate to his parents. He forms, of course, many associations, some bad, others highly advantageous. Among the latter is his connection with a young man of the name of Temple, who is reserved and distant, but who renders Augustine an essential service by his kindness in attending him when on a sick-bed, the natural consequence of his mode of living. Temple, in his turn, is taken ill. Augustine attends him with much feeling, and prevails on him to take a journey home, in which he accompanies him. On their way the young man dies. After the necessary delays, Augustine proceeds to Temple's residence, to inform his parents of the event. The father is a very pious clergyman, a curate: the mother an amiable woman: but the daughter, Charlotte, (whom Augustine first sees, and to whom he communicates the death of her brother), is the perfection of woman-kind, and her character is done ample justice to by the author. Our hero, who has been in some measure introduced to the family by the letters of his departed friend, is very warmly invited to stay some time among them. He consents, and falls deeply in love with Charlotte. He declares himself to her, and is rejected in a firm but temperate manner, which is excellently told. Much merit is due to Mr. Tayler here, this being a point at which tale-writers generally fail. Augustine still remains, and is persuaded to declare the state of his affairs to his father, and his determination not to return to Cambridge. His father, who for once rouses himself to reply, approves his resolution, and makes arrangements for payment of his debts. Misfortune now falls upon the Temples, who are about to be compelled to leave their

abode in consequence of the death of the incumbent of the parish, of which the father is curate, and the appointment of a new rector. Upon this Augustine writes up to town, requesting his parents to use their endeavours with his grandmother, who has a valuable living in her gift, to bestow it on Mr. Temple. He also explains his views with relation to Charlotte. His mother writes in reply, lecturing him severely and ordering his instant appearance in London, denying his request as to the living, and altogether refusing to sanction his addresses to Miss Temple. At the same time she also writes to Mrs. T. upbraiding her with endeavouring to entrap Augustine. This produces explanations between the Temples and our hero, the result of which is that he so far gains upon their good graces that Charlotte promises not to oppose his plans again, should he obtain his parents' consent to his marriage. He comes up to town, sees his grandmother, procures Mr. Temple's appointment to the vacant living, and by her means his parents consent to his union with Charlotte. The curtain then falls amid the happiness of all parties.

Such is a sketch of this very excellent book. The byplay we have omitted, but it manifests the writer's acquaintance with its various scenes. The power of religion is shown in the various characters of Lady Montague, Augustine, and Miss Temple, who stand in the three degrees of comparison. We feel very great pleasure in cordially recommending this elegant little work to all, and especially all our young readers. The perusal must tend to render them better characters; and to such as may be destined for the universities the book will be found invaluable.

The manner in which the work is got up is, upon the whole, creditable. But there are a few typographical errors, that doubtless will be avoided in a new edition, which we predict will speedily be called for. We would also call the attention of the lovers of the Fine Arts to the exquisite little piece of engraving in the shape of a frontispiece.

Valpy's National Gallery. Part II.

WE omitted to notice the previous part of this neat little work, not from any disregard of its merits, but in consequence of our pages being filled for the month in which it appeared. We think it a useful publication, as it contains much matter in a small compass; the description of each subject being clearly and accurately expressed, and the memoirs of the respective artists affording as much information of the

kind as could reasonably be expected. Speaking of it as an artistical work, we think that some of the engravings are well executed. Those in the present number are superior to the engravings in the last. The landscapes in particular are very prettily engraved. The first plate in the present number, i. e. "Landscape with Cattle," by Cuyp, is admirably executed. "Sunset," from the delightful painting of Claude, has considerable warmth about it.

Anatomical Studies of the Bones and Muscles, for the Use of Artists; from Drawings by the late JOHN FLAXMAN, Esq. R.A.; engraved by HENRY LANDSEER; with two additional Plates and explanatory Notes by WILLIAM ROBERTSON. London: M. A. Nattali.

As a *vade mecum* to advanced students in art, as well as those entering on their probationary career, the plates in this work will be found of utility. So long as art is admired in this country, the name of Flaxman will remain an instance of perseverance in his studies, worthy of imitation by those who are desirous of pursuing a similar path to fame. The plates illustrate the various parts of the human form,—of every one of which it is indispensable that the artist should possess an accurate knowledge. The works of Albinus is too expensive for students in general, and other works on the subject are inferior to Flaxman's, as not being so clear to the understanding. The new edition is now published, and we can only say that it will be found a valuable acquisition, not only to artists, but to all gentlemen; as it is calculated to impart a knowledge of the human structure, necessary to be known by those who desire to have full pretensions to having received a liberal education.

It is not always agreeable with the tastes and inclinations of persons, who do not intend following the profession of a surgeon, to visit the dissecting room. This book obviates the difficulty in a material degree, and will, we doubt not, be found sufficiently instructive.

CHUBB'S PATENT DETECTOR LOCK.

As a portion of our Journal is devoted to science, we have been induced, of late, to make trial of the efficacy of Chubb's Patent Detector Lock; and the result is perfectly satisfactory to our minds, on the two essential points upon which the merit of the invention is founded, viz.,

security and detection. We made our attempt with a false key, which in appearance was so exactly similar to the real one, that had not the words *false key* been written on a piece of ivory attached to it, it would have been impossible to ascertain the difference. No sooner had the false key lifted the tumblers, than the detector being raised beyond its usual bearing, prevented, at the other end, the bolt from passing. It was, therefore, manifest that the lock could not be picked. We then applied the real key, as if to open the lock, but to no purpose: it consequently became evident that a false attempt had been made, of which fact there could be no doubt in our minds, if we had been previously aware of the principle of detection, and another person had attempted surreptitiously to open the lock with a false key without our knowledge. In the next place, we turned the real key, as if intending to lock a door, which step removed the obstruction, and brought the detector to its previous position: we then resumed our attempt to open the lock with the real key, and found no impediment or difficulty in accomplishing our purpose. Our opinion, most decidedly, is, that the invention is the very *acmé* of mechanical ingenuity, and that the object of the inventor has been fully attained; i. e. security to property, and the means of discovering attempts to steal. We cannot speak too highly of the merits of this Lock.

Memorials of Oxford, Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Colleges, Halls, Churches, and other Public Buildings. Edited by the REV. J. INGRAM, D. D. of Trinity College, with Engravings by J. LE KEUX, from Original Drawings, by F. MACKENZIE. Oxford: J. H. Parker, H. Slater, and William Graham. London: Tilt.

THIS elegant work proceeds with the same regard to a happy delineation of the colleges which marked the previous numbers. The historical accounts, too, cannot be otherwise than interesting to the admirers of architectural beauty; and those who can associate learning with cloistered seclusion and the spiral grandeur of Oxford will feel a double pleasure. For our own part we cannot help forming such associations in our minds, notwithstanding that there is no necessary connexion between them. There is a venerable antiquity in this queen of cities which commands our respect and excites our admiration.

We extract the following account of

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

THE history of this college, which has been occasionally made the subject of much controversy, is so intimately connected with the early annals of the University, that it presents a peculiar claim to the notice of all those who feel an interest in the origin and progress of our academical institutions. That Oxford was the national school, or place of general study, for the endowment and support of which King Alfred, as his contemporary biographer assures us, annually allotted one-fourth part of that moiety of his royal revenues which he devoted to the service of God, can scarcely admit of a doubt; when we consider, that all historians and antiquaries in succession, from the time of Asser, concur in mentioning this city expressly as the place. The only difference in their statements appears to be, that some use the plural number instead of the singular in describing this endowment of the Saxon monarch; though the word *Schola* used by Asser, and repeated by Florence of Worcester, in the twelfth century, evidently comprehends that aggregate of academical halls, or collegiate schools, which Matthew Paris, in the century immediately following, denominates a University; describing it as consisting of students assembled from various parts of the world. The same term is used by this accomplished historian when he tells us, that in the year 1209 all the masters and scholars seceded from the university to the number of 3000, leaving not one behind. This passage is important, as illustrating the state of the university previous to the benefaction of William of Durham, which we are about to commemorate. Feuds and secessions were then common, from the terrible conflicts of adverse parties, the want of discipline, and the defect of statutes. In this state of things, the considerate liberality of this eminent scholar was seasonably and judiciously applied.

Very few particulars of the life of this great benefactor have been preserved. It is probable that he was a native of the place from which he took his name; that he studied at Oxford, and thence removed to Paris. He was afterwards made rector of Weremunde, or Wearmouth, in the county of Durham. According to Matthew Paris, from whom this account is chiefly taken, he died at Rouen, in Normandy, in the year 1249, as he was returning from the court of Rome, whither it is supposed he had gone to solicit the bishopric of Durham, which was then vacant. He is described as a man distinguished for his learning and great wealth. According to Leland, he was appointed Archbishop of Rouen, and was buried in that cathedral. The precise spot cannot now be ascertained, but there is reason to believe his

remains are deposited in the chapel, a view of which is engraved in Skelton's *Pietas Oxoniensis*.

By his will, he bequeathed to the University the sum of 310 marks in trust for the purchase of annual rents, to provide a maintenance for a considerable number of masters, (that title then implying the highest academical degree) who should be natives of Durham, or its vicinity. The chancellor and masters of the university appear to have executed the trust confided to them with great fidelity and judgment. Part of this money they lent out at interest on good security, and with the remainder they by degrees purchased tenements and quit rents in Oxford. The first purchase, ascertained by deeds preserved in the college, was made in 1253, consisting of a corner house, with some schools attached, in School Street. In 1225, they bought Drogheda, or Drowda Hall, in the High Street, directly opposite to the College gate, and still the property of the College. In 1263, the hall, with four schools adjoining their former purchases, said, in the survey 7th Edward I., to be called, as now, Brazen Nose; and in 1270, a quit rent of fifteen shillings from two houses in the High Street, now forming part of the Angel Inn.

An annual income having now been provided, amounting to eighteen marks, or more, the chancellor and masters proceeded to carry the intentions of the donor more completely into effect, by selecting four masters of good learning and manners, who had been regents in arts, for whose use it should be applied. These four masters, or scholars, were required to live together in one house; the property was made over to them; and a small body of statutes agreed upon in 1280. They were thus constituted an independent society. A more enlarged body of statutes was delivered to them in 1292, and again in 1311, 1380, 1475, and 1478.

It is uncertain in what building this small society was first established: but there is reason to believe they occupied the house in School Street, which had been first purchased for them. It is supposed they removed to Great University Hall, their present situation in the High Street, about 1343. Whether the university may have in any way united these masters with the remains of any former society, or placed them in any of those halls which tradition had assigned to King Alfred, cannot now be ascertained. But, if we look only to the date of the three first purchases, when the foundation at least of the future society may justly be said to have been laid, we may allow that the title bestowed upon this college in some letters, addressed by the university about the year 1441 to Pope Eugenius and others, is not inappropriate, in which it is styled their eldest daughter; "Senior

Filia, Collegium Antiquius Universitatis." It is with strict propriety, therefore, that this society, being distinguished from all others in its original foundation, as well as its peculiar endowments and statutes, has been denominated "The Great Hall of the University," or the University College. Hence also it is justly entitled to that academical precedence which has been usually allotted to it."

We also extract the following interesting account of

BALLIOL COLLEGE.

"THE various dates assigned to the foundation of this college have been rather assumed than ascertained. It is said to have been founded so early as 1263, just before the time when John de Balliol joined the standard of Henry III. against Simon de Montfort and the rebel barons. It seems, however, to be generally agreed that this John de Balliol, the original founder and father of the unfortunate King of Scotland of that name, died in the year 1269; and, as it appears, almost suddenly; leaving his benevolent designs, whatever they were, totally unsettled. But his widow, the lady Dervorgilla, daughter of Alan of Galloway, descended from Fergus, prince and lord of Galloway, determined to give effect to the wishes of her husband expressed on his death-bed. Accordingly, having domiciliated the scholars, to whom her late husband had granted annual exhibitions out of his personal estate; now in the hands of his executors, she gave them statutes under her own seal. These statutes, beautifully written on a piece of parchment of the size of a small quarto, and bearing a very perfect impression of this seal, are still in the possession of the college. They are dated from Botel, or Bootle, in Cumberland, 10 Edward I. A. D. 1282; and, though no longer in force, they afford an insight into the state of the University at that period.

The first tenement inhabited by the society was one hired by the foundress from the chancellors and masters of the University; and was for a long time called Old Balliol Hall. But in 1284, within two years after the statutes were given, the lady Dervorgilla purchased a considerable tenement in perpetuity of John de Ewe, an opulent citizen of Oxford, then and long before called Mary's, or Mary Hall; which tenement, together with the convenient appendage of three pieces of land on the north and east sides of it, was, after license obtained from the crown, confirmed to Walter de Foderinghaye and others for the scholars of Balliol college for ever.

An opportunity having thus presented itself for enlarging the establishment, the foundress began to repair the premises, and to add a refectory, a kitchen, and other offices suitable to a college; so that

nothing was now wanting but an endowment. Accordingly she in the same year, 1234, settled on her scholars, and their successors for ever, certain lands at Stamfordham and the Howgh in Northumberland, which had been purchased for this purpose by her late husband's executors. This she did, as her charter testifies, to the honour of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. Catherine the martyr, and the whole court of heaven; and also in order that the institution which her husband had begun in Oxford, "*ubi viget studium generale*," might be there continued. This charter was confirmed, according to the practice of that age, by Oliver Sutton, bishop of Lincoln, and by Sir John de Balliol, son of Dervorgilla, afterwards king of Scotland.

Much of the original endowment was probably lost, and several bonds for the payment of monies, chattels, &c. still remain uncanceled in the possession of the society. By additional benefactions however four plots of ground were obtained, situate for the most part to the east of the former property, and bounded by the land of the monks of Durham, now Trinity College. These lands were purchased in 1303 and 1310, from the family of Fetteplace, who were then respectable and opulent burghers of Oxford. Two inquisitions "*ad quod damnum*" were accordingly obtained, 2d and 3d of Edward II. by the first principal, Walter de Foderinghay, and others, "for the enlargement of divers places in Oxford." In one of these, five messuages are enumerated; which were afterwards reduced into one quadrangular pile."

The Magazine of Botany and Gardening, British and Foreign.

Edited by JAMES RENNIE, M. A., Professor of Zoology, King's College, London. London: G. Henderson.

WE regret that want of space prevents our noticing at length in the present number of our periodical the Magazine of Botany. We have attentively perused the numbers which have been hitherto published of Mr. Rennie's work, and feel no hesitation to recommend them to our readers, as affording considerable facilities to the attainment of the elegant science of Botany. The plates are well engraved and beautifully coloured, and the accounts of plants and flowers amusing and instructive.

The Lily. An Engraving, by G. H. PHILLIPS, from a painting by E. T. PARRIS. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE execution of this engraving is meritorious. The light and shadow are beautifully scattered, and the effect of the whole piece is exceedingly fine. We cannot however but consider that the expression of the child's countenance is too ethereal. We are aware that it will be said that it was so intended, and that this figure gives the title to the performance. Still, however, the adult females ought not to be altogether sacrificed, or their charms entirely disregarded. The contrast is in our opinion too strikingly manifested. This, however, is a fault of design, for which the painter is alone responsible, and does not detract from the merits of the engraving.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. London: Murray.

WE have Part XVI. of this work executed on India proofs. It is in the very best style of E. Finden, and possesses all the taste and delicacy displayed in the performances of that celebrated engraver. There is an oriental charm in these plates combined with a classic purity quite in accordance with the poetical taste of Byron. The contents of the present part are the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, St. Sophia, Constantinople; Cologne, from the paintings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; Pisa, from the painting by J. D. Harding, Rome; Mount Aventine, from the painting by A. W. Callcott, R.A., and the Gulf of Salamis, from the painting by W. Purser. All these engravings are executed by E. Finden, with the exception of Pisa, which is by T. Higham, and is scarcely inferior to the other plates.

The Gallery of the Graces. By W. and E. FINDEN.
London: Tilt.

PART VI. of this elegant work contains, "The Fair Patrician," engraved by E. Finden, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; "Nature's Favourite," engraved by W. H. Mott, from a drawing by W. Boxall; "Eleanore," engraved by J. J. Algar from a drawing by F. Stone, occupy this Part: of which "The Fair Patrician" and "Nature's Favourite" are excellent specimens. The merits of the former are prettily expressed by the poetry of L. E. L., which is attached to the plate.

"Lady, thy lofty brow is fair,
Beauty's sign and seal are there;
And thy lip is like the rose
Closing round the bee's repose;
And thine eye is like a star,
But blue as the sapphires are.
Beautiful Patrician! thou
Wearest on thy stately brow
All that suits a noble race;
All of high born maiden's grace,—
Who is there could look on thee
And doubt thy nobility?
Round thee satin robe is flung,
Pearls upon thy neck are hung,
And upon thy arm of snow
Rubies like red sun gifts glow;
Yet thou wearest pearl and gem
As thou hadst forgotten them.
'Tis a step, but made to tread
O'er Persia's web or flower's head,—
Soft hand that might only move
In the broider'd silken glove,—
Cheek unused to ruder air
Than what hot-house rose might bear;
One whom nature only meant
To be queen of the tournament,—
Courtly fête, and lighted hall,—
Grace and ornament of all!"

The following lines by Wordsworth in praise of "Nature's Favourite" are still more elegant.

"Three years she grew in sun and shower;
When Nature said; A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an over-seeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silent and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the nations of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.

Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe; Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. John Sobieski, King of Poland. Peter the Great, Czar of Russia. Frederic the Great, King of Prussia. Written by a Father for the Instruction and Amusement of his Eldest son. London, Hailes.

The Moral Class Book; or the Law of Morals derived from the created Universe and from revealed Religion. By WILLIAM SULLIVAN, Counsellor at Law. Boston, reprinted from the American edition. London, Mardon.

WE regret that we have not room in the present number to notice the above works.

THE DRAMA.

WE are happy to find that our friends at the Victoria are progressing: they afford one of the instances of what might be expected if the monopoly of the larger houses were removed, and a fair opportunity given to Minor Theatres. They shine like an effulgent light in a dark atmosphere—they please without dazzling. But if other instances were excited by fair opportunities, we should then see the advantages of fair competition, by the emulative powers of talented authors and actors; and a constellation of genius would glitter in this most glorious branch of the literature of our country.

O, Shade of Shakspeare, how can we sufficiently reverence thy mighty works! How wouldst thou pine, if thou wert now living in this benighted country, to see those theatres (which are termed national, and which should uphold thy legitimate works, and those of other authors following in thy wake) prostituted to the vile purposes of mere pompous display, and without possessing “that within which far surpasseth show.” We wish we could see a liberal legislature disposed to correct, instead of vitiating national taste in that respect; but the time will come when the mistaken policy of upholding monopoly now practised will be corrected.

Opinionum commenta delet dies; natura judicia confirmat.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

THE NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE INSTITUTION opened its Annual Exhibition on Tuesday, July 30th, with a much better collection than that of last year. The progress of the Fine Arts in that town has of late been much impeded by the great influx of old paintings; and the eagerness with which the public have countenanced and patronized the different picture dealers, instead of the existing and rising talent of their resident artists, is almost beyond belief. Notwithstanding all this disheartening preference, it is much to the credit and honour of the painters and sculptors of that place, that they have exerted themselves with redoubled spirit to give their townsmen another opportunity of doing their duty to those of their own country. The rage for buying the works of what are, in many instances, most fraudulently set forth to the public by picture dealers as by “the Old Masters,” has doubtlessly materially assisted in keeping the arts at the low ebb at which they are in this country; but, perhaps, in no place in the kingdom has it arrived at such an extent as in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. However, if it has not had its day, it is to be hoped that “the end is not far off,” and that the present display just opened at the gallery will bring the good folks to their senses again. Unlike Manchester, Newcastle, if left to itself, could always make up a very good exhibition by the works of its resident artists, as this exhibition will prove, the greatest number of pictures and sculpture being of local talent, but as the institution is upon the broad and liberal scale of being “for the General Promotion of the Fine Arts,” it would be inconsistent with the professions of the Society not to give a fair and equal advantage to ALL. It is however to be regretted that with this laudable desire to advance the interests of artists so few of the metropolitans have contributed; but at the same time it will be but just to observe that certainly those who have sent their works fully compensate, by the superior merit of them, for the deficiency. CLATER has sent three of his best. His large picture of *The Fortune*

Teller Dressing for a Masquerade" and "Sir Roger de Coverley, &c." are points of attraction in the great room. STANLEY's View of "Ereil, in Normandy," ROGERS' "Sun-rise at Barn Pool," and "Sun-set on the Lark, Devonshire," are also charming productions. PROUT, HANCOCK, SINGLETON, CLINT, O'CONNER, PULLER, STARK, JACKSON, R. A., INCE, RAMSAY, KING, PUGIN, WILD, ZEITLER, PRIEST, STARK, WATTS, CHISHOLM, ALLAN, SHIELA, LINTON, CHALON, &c. &c., have assisted with such specimens as fully sustain their reputation. With respect to the local talent of Newcastle, perhaps there is not a town out of London that possesses so many artists, and it may be fairly added, of sterling merit. The three RICHARDSONS, in the landscape department, are a host in themselves. PARKER, whose sea coast scenes and smuggling subjects will be recollected in the Metropolitan exhibitions. NICHOLSON, portrait painter. CARMICHAEL, BALMER, the MACKRETHS, and EWRANK, are artists whose present specimens warrant the expectation of their arriving at honourable and distinguished rank in their profession; added to these are DUNBAR and SCOTT, sculptors, (the former originally a pupil of Chantry's,) and an immense number of amateurs. A notice affixed to the catalogue states, that "the shareholders have it in contemplation to extend the benefits of the Institution beyond the results of a mere Exhibition of Pictures, viz. a permanent Gallery of Works of Painting and Sculpture, Lectures on Arts, and a School of Improvement for Artists." It is to be hoped that if carried into effect every success will attend such praiseworthy intentions.

LEEDS.—"The Northern Society for the encouragement of the Fine Arts" opened their gallery to the public early in June. COPLEY FIELDING, CLATER, ETTY, GREEN, ROGERS, HOFLAND, KNIGHT, NASMYTH, WATTS, STARK, BROCKEDON, BENTLEY, ANDRE, and G. R. LEWIS, are the principal exhibitors from London. SCHWANFELDER, RHODES, ROBINSON, &c. support the character of the local talent; above three score of works of art are contributed by the Newcastle artists to this exhibition; between twenty and thirty have been sent from Edinburgh; and we are glad to find that sales have been made to the amount of seven or eight hundred pounds.

NORWICH.—The gallery at this place is also open, and we are happy to find that some of the principal inhabitants have expressed their intention of patronizing it in a way that is worthy of their superior opulence and liberality; as, without such assistance, it had been doubted whether the annual exhibition, which has so long been one of the chief attractions of the town, could be persevered in. We purpose, in a future number, to give some account of the various works contributed to the present collection.

MANCHESTER.—The directors of the ROYAL INSTITUTION have lately been bestirring themselves to get together some additional pictures, with a view of making a second, and more efficient arrangement of their exhibition, and opening it *de novo*. Some may cavil at this irregular mode of proceeding; but *semper nunquam est ad bonos mores via*, says the good old adage, and, agreeing in the sentiment, we are glad that it has been adopted, as the London galleries have now closed, and their old associates have it in their power to co-operate with them as usual. Last season, so few pictures found purchasers at these rooms in the ordinary way, that the novel expedient of a lottery or raffle was resorted to, as the only practicable means of getting rid of a certain portion of them; but on this occasion, notwithstanding the general poverty of the collection, the visitors, we rejoice to say, have been less sparing of their money; and accordingly, some thirty or forty contributions have already been disposed of at creditable prices. The Manchester folks, no doubt, attribute the failure of their early opening to the supineness of artists; but, as men of business, they ought to understand the merits of what is called the "reciprocity system" better than to require that the reciprocity should be all on one side. *Par pari refertur* is the ruling principle of commerce, and we will venture to say, that, with due encouragement on their part, they may open their gallery as early, and as often as they think proper. The picture market has nothing exclusive about it, and, as

with their own manufactures, so it is with the productions of art—the supply will be sure to keep pace with the demand. Were the millionaires of Manchester disposed to contest the supremacy with us, nothing could prevent their forestalling the Royal Academy, and other London schools, in the exhibition of their choicest gems; and this we think it probable that, at no very distant period, they will do; for we consider that the interests of art are by no means adequately protected even in the capital. Fine singing is a good commodity of its kind, but it will not keep, and improve by keeping, like fine painting; yet some of our most liberal patrons expend double the amount on music that they do on art; and this certainly is not as it should be, for while, in the latter pursuit, we take the lead; in the former, on the contrary, we are surpassed by every pettifogging state in Europe.

We shall resume our notices of the works exhibited at the Institution in a future Number.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL AT WALSHALL,

IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD.

Latitude, 52° 34' 30" N. Longitude, 1° 57' 0" W.

Thermometer in the shade, N.W. aspect.

From August 1 to 25, 1833 (inclusive).

Day of Month.	Moon's Age.	Fahrenheit's Thermometer.			Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Observations.
		a A.M.	3 P.M.	9 P.M.			
1833.	Days.						
Aug. 1	15.2	62	66	58	30.09	N.E.	Fair, with brisk wind.
2	16.2	56	67	59	30.03	N.E.	Rather cloudy, do.
3	17.2	60	63	58	29.99	N.E.	Fair.
4	18.2	57	67	59	29.93	N.N.W.	Fair.
5	19.2	58	65	54	29.76	N.N.W.	A.M. cloudy. P.M. fair.
6	20.2	55	63	53	29.81	N.E.	Fair.
7	21.2	55	63	53	29.77	N.E.	Fair.
8	3d qr.	58	61	57	29.74	N.	Cloudy.
9	23.2	60	65	58	29.69	N.	A.M. hazy. P.M. fair.
10	24.2	58	60	51	29.65	N. by W.	A.M. thunder showers. P.M. fair.
11	25.2	59	62	53	29.66	N.E.	A.M. rain. P.M. fair.
12	26.2	54	63	51	29.78	W.	Fair.
13	27.2	55	59	48	29.40	N. by E.	Thunder showers.
14	28.2	53	57	51	29.39	N. by E.	Drizzling rain.
15	New	53	59	53	29.40	N. by W.	Rather cloudy, at times fair.
16	0.9	56	62	56	29.48	N. by W.	Fair, in evening slight rain.
17	1.9	52	59	52	29.53	N.W.	Rather cloudy, brisk wind.
18	2.9	53	57	55	29.45	W.	Heavy rain.
19	3.9	59	61	54	29.50	N.W.	Cloudy.
20	4.9	57	60	58	29.55	W.	Rather cloudy, heavy rain in night.
21	5.9	59	65	51	29.36	W.S.W.	Cloudy, evening heavy rain.
22	1st qr.	53	60	53	29.33	W.	Strong wind. Fair.
23	7.9	55	59	55	29.30	W.	Strong wind, fair and showery at times.
24	8.9	58	60	53	29.59	N.W. by W.	Rather cloudy.
25	9.9	58	62	54	29.73	N.	Fair.